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FEBRUARY 25, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 8 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Correspondent Mary Cronin had known for days that Dan Rather of CBS's *60 Minutes* had received big-money offers from all three major networks, and the promise of Walter Cronkite's job if he would stay with CBS. She also knew, from her talks with Rather himself, that the newsman hoped to choose from among the offers by last Wednesday. "What I didn't know, and what had me pacing the floors that day, was how Rather would decide," says Cronin. "And he didn't know that himself, even when he called me at 11 o'clock that night." No matter. Rather's very indecision underscored the point of Cronin's extensive reporting for this week's cover story on the tumult in TV journalism. "CBS had always been the Tiffany of network news," she says. "That it was even conceivable for a superstar like Dan Rather to go to another network shows precisely how radically things are changing."

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Mary Cronin with Dan Rather in her office

Cronin has been watching fortunes change in the television industry for some 15 years, first as a reporter-researcher in TIME's Show Business section and then as a correspondent in the New York bureau. Since last November, she has been tracing the developments in the TV news business that led to the wooing of Rather. Cronin interviewed dozens of news executives, producers and correspondents at the networks and in public television, as well as Walter Cronkite. "That," she says, "was like interviewing God."

Staff Writer Stephen Smith, who wrote the main narrative, became TIME's Press writer in November 1978. An interest in print journalism came instinctively to Smith, a former senior editor at *Horizon* magazine and reporter for the Boston *Globe*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and other newspapers. But today he is a "network news junkie" as well; he watches an hour of TV news each morning and another hour at night, and sets his alarm clock each week to catch his favorite show, CBS's *Sunday Morning*, "perhaps the most imaginative and creative news experiment going on in journalism." Smith got up extra early one recent Sunday to see Charles Kuralt and colleagues put the program together at a CBS studio in Manhattan. The fan was not disappointed. Says Smith: "Just watching half-a-dozen people manipulating the control panel was tremendously exciting for a guy who works alone with a typewriter."

John a. Meyer

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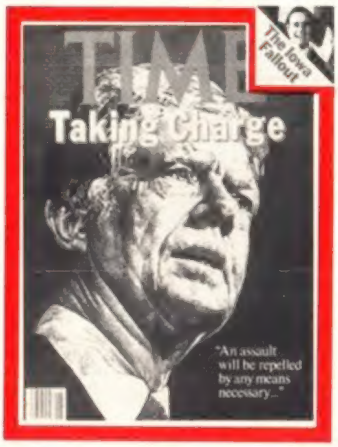
Letters

Carter's Policy

To the Editors:

Given Mr. Carter's past foreign policy performance, the Soviets might just wish to accept his challenge in the Persian Gulf region [Feb. 4]. In that event, his options are essentially limited to the early use of tactical nuclear weapons or a humiliating strategic retreat.

Alexander Rudhart
Wayne, Pa.



Viet Nam did not threaten our freedom; a takeover of the Persian Gulf region by the Soviets will. Did our involvement in Viet Nam so distort our thinking that we can no longer differentiate between a folly and a serious threat to the future of freedom in America?

Ron Markel
Maplewood, N.J.

Sound the war cries, round up our youth, oil the tanks, light up the sky with the awesome splendor of nuclear weaponry! We're off to war! Damn.

David W. Marin
Denver

President Carter's statement that the American people have nothing against Iran exemplifies the problem with his leadership. He has been so busy turning the other cheek for the past three years that he is now suffering from terminal dizziness.

George G. Daniels
Orlando, Fla.

The last Red scare gave us such wonders as the hydrogen bomb and McCarthyism. What will we be blessed with this time around?

Myles Miller
Alexandria, Va.

Willing to Fight

I am 19 years old. A year ago, the thought that the draft [Feb. 4] would be brought back some time used to frighten me. Now I feel that if a young person is not willing to fight for his country, he has no right living here.

Darryl Johnson
Plainfield, N.J.

War is the ultimate manifestation of the stupidity and evil within the human race. We have reached the point where we must recognize that either war is obsolete or the human race soon will be. I will not have it on my conscience that I took part in this great sin of mankind.

Joseph A. Hayes
Chicago

The only thing the U.S. should draft is beer.

Tim Pickl
Duluth

The 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds got the right to vote in federal elections in 1971. They used the rallying cry, "If we are old enough to fight, we are old enough to vote." I guess those of us who believe in the military draft should now use the rallying cry, "If they are old enough to vote, they are old enough to fight."

Ervin J. Halvorson
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Of course, women should be drafted —but only in those states that have ratified the ERA.

Margaret Love
Pascagoula, Miss.

How dare a country that cannot find it in its male-chauvinist little heart to accord women equal rights expect them to register for the draft? ERA, first.

Steffi B. Rath
Woburn, Mass.

What would we give for oil? No less than the lives of our own children.

Sally Lingle
Arcata, Calif.

A Good Neighbor

Canada's brave and unselfish actions in rescuing six Americans from Iran [Feb. 11] deserve the deepest praise of the entire civilized world. Canadian friendship toward our country stands as a blueprint for international cooperation and humanitarianism. May no American forget this great favor.

Joseph M. Vallowe
Chicago

Where are allies when needed? Right next door.

Volker G. Winkler, M.D.
McKenzie, Tenn.

When Cornrows Are in Style

I guess a style is not a style until a white woman wears it. Wearing one's hair in cornrows [Jan. 28] has been "in style"

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Letters

since my great-grandmother was a child. Cicely Tyson has worn cornrows for years, but not until blond, white Bo Derek wears them will anyone admit that they are beautiful.

Donna Hartman
Bolingbrook, Ill.

Population Explosion

The state of Iowa does have some cities with more than 190,000 people in them, but I can assure you that Elberon [Feb. 4] is not one of them. The population there should be hovering around 200, unless some of those Connally supporters forgot to leave.

Stuart Clark
Tipton, Iowa

Dubious Privilege

Congratulations for the Essay "Back to Reticence" [Feb. 4]! It admirably depicts my feelings since my arrival in this country. I recently had the dubious privilege at one of the Yale dining halls of sitting next to a law student who ate with his hat on and used a chicken bone as a toothpick. In many countries, such behavior would automatically render a person ineligible for any qualified position. How can you bear it?

Carlos Escudé
New Haven, Conn.

I can't pinpoint Lance Morrow's age, but his Essay does seem to be a case of one generation speaking to another. I am a product of the "new lingo" generation, and I admit I often find myself flinching inside while maintaining a deadpan expression. However, what really catches me off guard is when someone older than I tosses around what are considered vulgar words and expressions in my presence. I have been running into this in job interviews recently.

I doubt that a 50-year-old man speaking to a 50-year-old woman would use crude language, so I am baffled as to why he can, rather comfortably, use such language around a 20-year-old.

Susan Gernert
Falmouth, Me.

Please tell Lance Morrow that as soon as we have eliminated pride, avarice, bigotry and selfishness from the world, I intend to settle down to some serious worry about these indignities to my artificially generated sensitivities.

Bert Hudson
Pittsburgh

Harassment on Campus

As a college graduate, ex-employee of several universities throughout the country and wife of a former college professor, I have no doubt that sexual harassment [Feb. 4] does exist on college campuses. The next step should certainly

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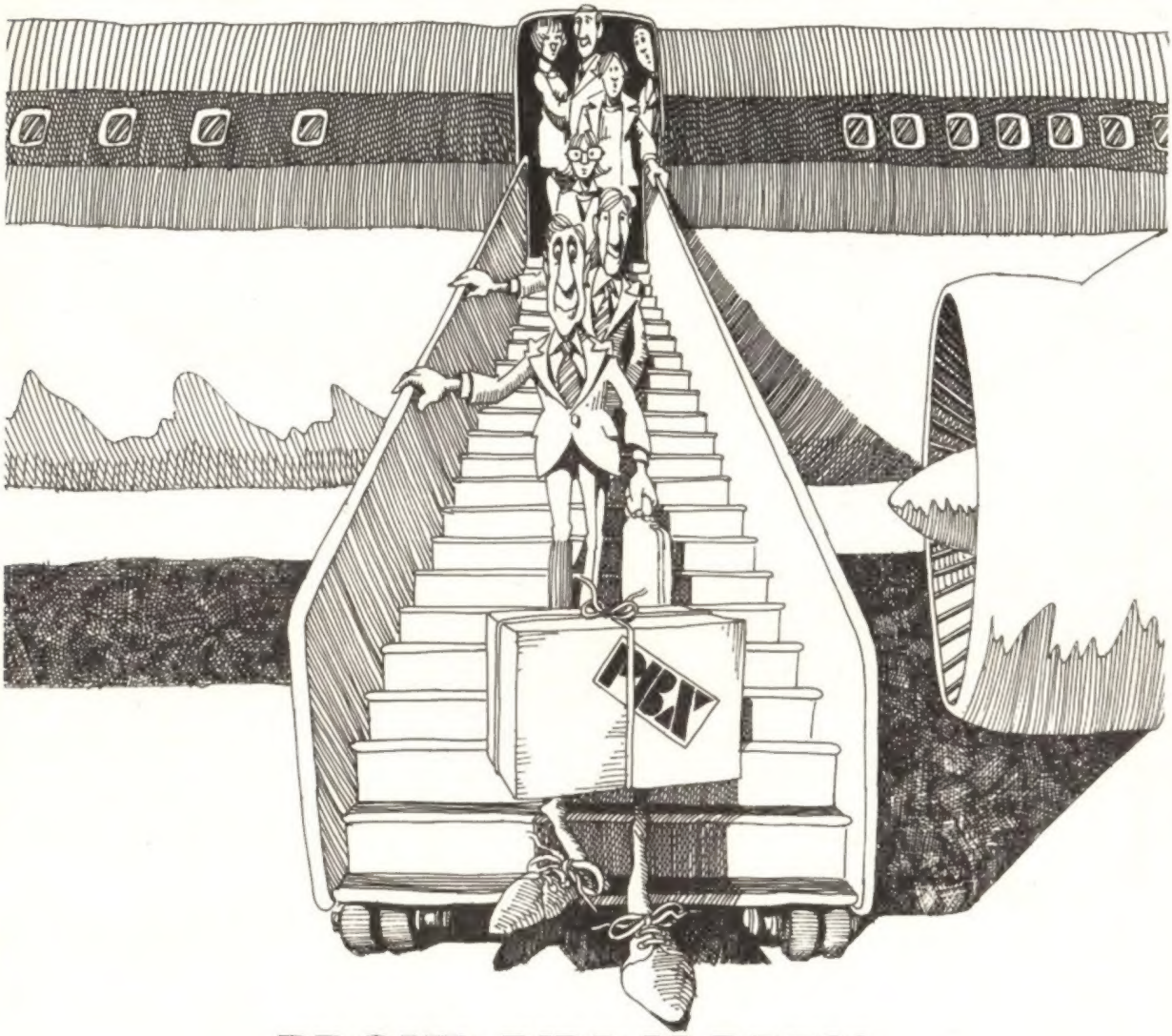

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Letters

be the creation of FOASH (Faculty Organized Against Sexual Harassment), an organization whereby faculty members, while remaining anonymous, can publicly name those students who offer sexual favors for a grade and charge them with prostitution.

Rose Lee Warren
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

If the male professors who demand sex for a higher grade are fired, the female students who offer sex for a higher grade ought to be expelled. The former are exploiting a position of trust for private gain; the latter are cheating.

Michael N. Biggs
Colorado Springs, Colo.

In college, the student and the professor have a contract. The student studies and the professor teaches. Sexual harassment grossly violates this contract. Every university and college has the responsibility of eliminating this problem immediately.

Molly Ryan Cargill
Washington, D.C.

A Matter of Import

Your article "A Made-in-America Japanese Car" [Jan. 28] says that Toyota sends 44.6% of its output to the U.S. For your information, Toyota produced about 3 million cars and trucks last year, of which 610,000 were exported to the U.S. That amounts to slightly more than 20%.

Charles F. Burlingame, National Public Relations Manager, Toyota Motor Sales
Torrance, Calif.

TIME at the Fair

I thought you might be interested in this story, which affirms that TIME magazine has everlasting value.

Shortly before Thanksgiving last year I decided to clean out my attic, and reluctantly agreed that I should dispose of my collection of 42 years of TIME magazines. But after I mentioned to a friend the dilemma of how to dispose of them, she requested the issues for her children's birth dates. Her mother then suggested that others might want to avail themselves of the same opportunity.

I donated the lot to the church and set up a booth at its fair. The sign on the booth said IF YOU'VE GOT THE DOLLAR, WE'VE GOT THE TIME. Interest was strong for this nostalgic trip, and we took many orders. But it didn't stop there; word spread, and we filled orders for more than 600 copies. Since then we have had orders for more than 100 other copies, and the phone still rings.

Russell H. Peebles
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

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TIME FEB. 25, 1980

Hostages Near Freedom

And a U.N. commission would probe past abuses in Iran

Nobody could be sure, and nobody would talk. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance slipped up to Manhattan for a secret meeting with U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, then slipped away again. At the U.N. and in West European capitals, normally accessible diplomats became uncharacteristically secretive. Washington buzzed with rumors, but the White House banned all official speculation, and Jimmy Carter urged the nation "to guard against excessive optimism." Though such caution was certainly warranted, there was mounting evidence from all quarters that the long, cruel ordeal might finally be coming to an end for the 50 Americans being held hostage by militant Iranian youths at the U.S. embassy in Tehran and the three Americans being detained at the Foreign Ministry.

"It's apparent that there's a certain amount of ferment," said presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell of the hostage issue, but "whether that ferment produces wine or vinegar remains to be seen." Last week's clues pointed toward wine. Not only did Carter say, in his first press conference in eleven weeks, that there were "positive signs" in the attempts to free the hostages, but near week's end Iran's newly elected President, Abolhassan Banisadr, also issued the most encouraging statement to come from a responsible Iranian official since the militants seized the Americans last Nov. 4. Said he, in an Italian television network interview: "There is a proposal on President Carter's desk now which, if he accepts, can lead to the release of the hostages in 48 hours."

It seemed clear that some Washington-Tehran deal was nearing completion. Among its critical ingredients apparently would be:

1) The establishment of a U.N.-sponsored international commission before which Iran's new rulers could state their grievances against the U.S. and deposed Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. At his news conference, Carter said that "an appropriate commission with a carefully defined purpose would be a step toward resolution of this crisis." Exactly who devised this concept has become a matter of hot controversy between Carter and Ted Kennedy in their battle for the Democratic Party's presidential nomination *(see box)*.

This commission will apparently not be the Robespierrean tribunal that the Iranians originally had sought. Instead of making judgments, it will simply gather facts, hear charges and then submit a report to the U.N. Said a U.N. diplomat from a country that is being considered for a commission seat: "The U.S. will not be humiliated by the report." Mentioned as possible panel members have been, among others, Algeria, Bangladesh, France, Syria and Venezuela.

AP

Melchite Archbishop Ilarion Capucci greeting Captive Rodney Sickman

"Whether the ferment produces wine or vinegar remains to be seen."

2) A U.S. statement about its role in Iran. The new leaders in Tehran have been demanding that Washington confess and apologize for alleged crimes against the Iranian nation supposedly committed while the U.S. backed the Shah. Though the Administration remains adamantly opposed to anything smacking of an apology, it seems ready to issue a statement that would affirm Iran's inviolable sovereignty and pledge not to interfere in its internal affairs. Washington especially has been balking at any reference in such a statement to the CIA-backed coup that returned the Shah to his throne in 1953 or to any wording that depicts the Shah as an American puppet. But it is expected that the U.S. will recognize Iran's right to pursue the Shah and his vast fortune through established legal channels. This is all that remains of the Iranians' original demand that the Shah and his money be sent to Tehran before the Americans would be freed.

3) Release of the hostages. At some specific time after the U.N. commission's creation is announced, the hostages will be set free, although exactly who would transport them out of Iran was uncertain. Washington's apparent readiness to buy this formula reflects a key shift in the Administration's position. Right after the attack on the U.S. embassy, the White House declared that the hostages must be released before it would discuss any other matters with Tehran. As late as last week, some Iranian militants still insisted that the U.N. must finish its investigation before the hostages could be released.

Once freed, the hostages will be flown to a U.S. Air Force hospital in Wiesbaden, West Germany. A team of doctors and psychiatrists, some of whom had treated G.I.s captured by the North Vietnamese, was being assembled last week. They will thoroughly examine the 53 released Americans for symptoms of what is feared might be substantial physical and mental injuries resulting from their long ordeal.

After the hostages come home, the Administration is expected to take a number of steps to improve relations with Tehran. Said Carter at a White House meeting with magazine editors: "We look forward to a time in the future to have normal relationships with Iran." One possible move: the Treasury Department could rescind its freeze on the estimated $6 billion of Iranian assets in the U.S. or on deposit with American banks. Banisadr would like the U.S. to resume shipments of spare parts for Iran's sizable arsenal of U.S.-built sophisticated weaponry.

A main problem in resolving the U.S.-Iran crisis has been the absence in Tehran of any official able to negotiate with authority. For a while this seemed to be still the case last week. Banisadr told *Le Monde*, the Paris daily, that the release of the American hostages was no longer

Trying to resolve the hostage crisis: Carter at his news conference; Banisadr (with bodyguard) on a car phone in Tehran; Waldheim at the U.N.

After intense and secret bargaining, there were signs that the long ordeal of the American captives finally might be coming to an end.

linked to the return of the deposed Shah, and that "it would suffice that the U.S. admits its responsibilities and resolves never again to interfere in our affairs." This was soon contradicted by Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, who was in Athens on an official visit. There he declared that "our demands are legitimate and right, and the Shah must be extradited." And the Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, First Secretary of Iran's ruling Revolutionary Council, indicated that Banisadr lacked authority to order the militants occupying the U.S. embassy to release the Americans. Such a move, maintained Beheshti, "would have to be approved by a majority of Iranians and by the students." As for the militants, they continued to oppose any compromise with Washington, but reaffirmed their readiness to do as ordered by the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, Iran's religious leader, and they called on him several times last week for "specific instructions." From Khomeini himself, ailing in a Tehran hospital, there came an enigmatic message to a huge crowd celebrating the first anniversary of the country's Islamic Revolution. Iran must continue "its decisive struggle against the ruthless, expansionist U.S.," said Khomeini, but he also said that "normal, very ordinary relations could be established."

What were the conflicting Iranian statements supposed to mean? To some observers, they were an example of skillful psychological warfare aimed at wearing down Washington's resolve. Other experts contended that the Iranians were merely behaving like rug merchants in a classic Persian bazaar, demanding the maximum but willing to settle for quite a bit less.

At first the Carter Administration indicated that it was in no mood for haggling. After Banisadr's interview with the Paris daily, State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III said flatly that the U.S. has no intention of "declaring its guilt, either specified or unspecified."

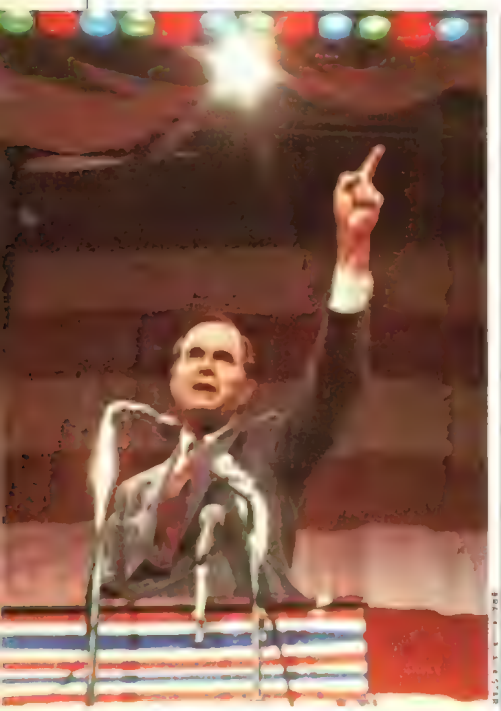
But the Administration quickly decided that any hard-line response to Banisadr's statement could weaken the position of the relatively moderate Iranian President. His election on Jan. 25, with 76% of the vote, was viewed by Washington as a very positive development. Not only was the selection of a President expected to bring an end to more than a year of Iranian political chaos, but Banisadr was known to favor a compromise on the hostages. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the threat it poses to the Persian Gulf may have convinced many responsible Iranian leaders that their ties with the U.S. should be improved. Thus it would seem to be in the U.S. interest to bolster Banisadr. Said a White House official last week: "He's still building his power base, and anything we say at this point would probably hurt him." A senior Western diplomat in Tehran agreed, noting that "it is precisely such outbursts [as Hodding Carter's statement] that can make Banisadr's task impossible by giving too much ammunition to his critics."

Indeed, one of Banisadr's most difficult tasks since his election has been to trim the militants' power. In a couple of key showdowns with them, he has won the backing of the Revolutionary Council and has even been named this ruling body's chairman. But it remained uncertain whether he could persuade—or force—the militants to hand over their hostages.

A U.S.-Iranian deal winning freedom for the hostages would have enormous impact. For the 53 captive Americans and their intensely worried families, the joy and relief would be immeasurable. Jimmy Carter's reputation as a national leader and international negotiator would be greatly enhanced. Most important, an end to the hostage crisis would make possible a great improvement in U.S. relations with Iran and thus would help in the defense of the vital Persian Gulf region against continued Soviet aggression. ■

In New Hampshire, They're Off!

Bush speaks for them all when he says, "You can't escape"



Bush orating at a high school in North Sutton

Reagan getting a buss in Merrimack

Reaching for as many hands as possible.

Ronald Reagan. "It's nice to be liked, but it's more important to be respected."

George Bush: "A President we won't have to train."

Howard Baker: "A leader for the '80s."

President Carter: "For the truth."

Edward Kennedy: "I think we can make a difference and do it better."

Up and down the Main Streets and Elm Streets of New Hampshire, from Colebrook to Concord, from Dixville Notch to Laconia, banners, posters, TV and radio ads proclaim the slogans aimed at achieving victory or avoiding defeat in the nation's first primary, on Feb 26. The Granite State was a bit upstaged this year when the Iowa and Maine caucuses took on greater prominence than ever before. But New Hampshire is still the first state where voters cast an actual ballot.

Adding to this year's political fever is the fact that the races in both parties are considered too close to call with any assurance. Carter and Kennedy, Reagan and Bush are battling fiercely for those few extra votes that may be decisive in their campaigns. A victory, however slight, in an early primary gives a candidate momentum going into subsequent contests. Carter clobbered Kennedy 2 to 1 in Iowa, but then won more narrowly last week in Maine, 43.6% to 40.2%, with California Governor Jerry Brown picking up a surprising 13.8%. Bush upset Reagan 32% to 29% in Iowa, though Republican results in Maine will not be known until March 15. Some 36,000 people participated in the Maine Democratic caucuses, five times the number that turned out in 1976, and a similar increase is expected in the New Hampshire primary.

There is no escaping the political onslaught—the price New Hampshirites pay for wanting to be first. They may be going fishing or to church or to lunch or to nowhere in particular, yet there is usually some candidate or at least some poster of a candidate staring them right in the eye. At a Ramada Inn in Manchester, where young workmen were taking down the WELCOME GOVERNOR REAGAN sign and putting up GREETINGS AMBASSADOR BUSH, one of them groused, "As soon as he's through, we've got to get ready for John Anderson."

New Hampshire is sometimes disparaged as being too white, rural and conservative to reflect national opinion, but the state is fast changing. An influx of residents from Massachusetts into the southern part of the state is giving it, for better or worse, the look of much of the rest of the nation: the same kind of suburban sprawl. Its population has been growing faster than that of any other Eastern state except Florida—from 780,000 to 938,000 in the last decade. To reach these greater numbers, candidates are relying more than ever on TV. One pitch follows another in a dizzying succession of 30-second spot commercials. "President Carter—a man of resolve, a man of achievement," drones one typical effort. Soon after that comes the voice of Ted Kennedy intoning, "New Hampshire can make the difference."

Nobody is campaigning harder, or more exuberantly, than the newly established Republican front runner, George Bush. Indeed, he once barely avoided shaking hands with a mannequin in a department store. "No fair hiding," he chided a diffident bystander. "You can't escape. I'm George Bush. I would love to have your vote." When an English professor at Plymouth State College morosely observed that Bush was offering the same shopworn "miracles" as other politicians, the candidate replied: "They are not miracles, they are fundamentals. Come on, cheer up a little bit." The student audience burst into applause. Bush is equally cheery in looking ahead. Says he: "I really think I can beat Carter. It's not like I would be up against some heavyweight in purple trunks. I really believe Carter is the little marshmallow whom Kennedy set out to beat last fall."

But Bush is keenly aware

Baker making a campaign point at a rally of Republicans in Dixville Notch

of the perils of his new pre-eminence. "If somebody comes out with something that shows me way out front, I'll be poor-mouthing it," he said in an outburst of candor aboard his chartered jet. "I'll say, 'This is ridiculous. God, how could you expect that from a little guy like me?' "

The Bush campaign is under the near total control of former Governor Hugh Gregg, who ran Reagan's campaign four years ago. The "Ayatullah Gregg," as Bush staffers call him, brooks no interference as he keeps the candidate moving with the precision of Mussolini's trains. "We work Bush like a dog," admits Gregg, who allows the candidate 22 minutes for lunch on some days, six minutes for a sandwich on busy ones.

Bush's New Hampshire nemesis is irascible, archconservative William Loeb, publisher of the Manchester *Union Leader*. Though the state's largest daily has lost some of its clout, it still packs a powerful below-the-belt punch. Scarcely an edition goes by without Loeb's patting Reagan on the back while he attacks Kennedy and Bush. Contending in a front-page article that ex-CIA agents are working in Bush's campaign, Loeb charged that Bush's victory in Iowa had "all the smell of a CIA covert operation." Loeb also played up a charge rehashed in the Los Angeles *Times* that Bush had not properly reported a contribution of $106,000 from a Nixon slush fund for his unsuccessful Senate campaign in Texas in 1970. DIRTY, DIRTY, DIRTY headlined the *Union Leader*. "I am clean, clean, clean," insisted Bush. In a rare display of anger, he asked, "What the hell are they raising that for now?" He claims he reported the contribution in compliance with the laws then on the books. When he was named CIA director, Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski investigated the transaction and cleared him of any wrongdoing.

Reagan, who had been coasting along as the leading Republican, has abandoned his pose of Olympian statesmanship and now repeatedly attacks Carter for a foreign policy "bordering on appeasement." But he also tries to counterpunch Bush as too liberal on welfare, abortion, ERA and gun control. And on every issue he has a ready quip or a slogan. Asked about the public school prayer amendment, he says he is for it and adds: "If we can get the Federal Government out of the classroom, maybe we can get God back in." But often there are fluffs, which nobody in his entourage will admit are a sign of his age. Several times, he has switched Afghanistan and Pakistan. In one speech, he charged that the White House turned its back on Taiwan "when Andy Carter came along." Andy Carter? Smiling, Reagan corrected himself: "A member of my staff is named Andy Carter."

Reagan is ill at ease pressing the flesh, but he has been reaching for as many hands as possible. One day his aides added an unscheduled stop in Merrimack.

"Cynical, Self-Serving, False"

It was less a foreign policy debate than an explosion of name-calling unusually bitter even for a presidential campaign. Unusually misleading, too. Ted Kennedy and Jimmy Carter fought over the credit for a promising idea for release of the U.S. hostages in Tehran, though actually the idea seems to have been mainly the brainchild of U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim.

Kennedy began the row. In a speech at Georgetown University on Jan. 28, he had proposed an international commission to investigate Iran's grievances against the U.S. as a *quid pro quo* for release of the hostages. His suggestion drew little attention, and last week he suddenly sharpened his rhetoric. In a speech at Harvard, Kennedy boomed: "For months, the White House rejected a commission on Iranian grievances—which could have freed the hostages sooner. Now, at last, the President is about to agree to it. But the Administration stubbornly resisted this solution until I and others made the proposal."

BRACE—BLACK STAR

Kennedy attacking Carter at Exeter High School

An angry White House immediately launched a counterattack. Press Secretary Jody Powell termed Kennedy's attack "cynical, self-serving, irresponsible and false." Secretary of State Cyrus Vance accused Kennedy of "misstatements . . . both numerous and serious," and State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III asserted that Kennedy had got the commission idea from confidential briefings that Vance and Waldheim had given him. Finally, Carter himself said at his press conference that Kennedy's remarks had been "very damaging to our country."

The germ of the idea actually first appeared in a letter to Waldheim from Abolhassan Banisadr, then Iran's Foreign Minister. It was published on Nov. 13, only nine days after the hostages were seized. Banisadr asserted that "the American Government should at least accept the investigation of the guilt of the former Shah." He did not say who should investigate, but, according to a U.N. spokesman, Waldheim privately broached the idea of an international inquiry commission to U.S. and Iranian officials on Nov. 17. He pursued it on a year-end trip to Iran and on a visit to Carter in Washington Jan. 6; the same day he finally made it public in a television interview: It had already been widely discussed in the press.

By week's end Kennedy conceded, quite lamely, that he could not "claim authorship" of the commission proposal and indeed that it had "been around for months" before his Georgetown speech. But he continued to insist that the Administration had rejected the proposal until he began prodding. That appears at best an overstatement.

It is true that the Administration long seemed dubious. Though Carter now stresses that the White House has been "discussing" the commission idea with Waldheim "since mid-November," he indicated serious reservations at a press conference Nov. 28. And after Carter's Jan. 6 talk with Waldheim, Powell told reporters that the White House had rejected what was even then being called a package deal—though he insisted the next day that it had not turned the proposal down flat but was still "exploring" it. What the White House objected to then, and still does, was any idea that Iran could continue to hold the hostages while the commission deliberated.

If any one event has accelerated the talks since that time, it was not Kennedy's speech but the landslide election of Banisadr as President of Iran on Jan. 25. That put a relatively moderate figure into power after a long period of governmental chaos.

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and his motorcade drew up at the Rainbow Pharmacy so that he could buy a Valentine's Day card for his wife Nancy. With TV crews jostling around him, Reagan got two housewives to help him select not one but three cards, but he had to be reminded by an aide to hustle a few votes. "I'd be very proud and happy if you could support me," said Reagan. "That's it," gushed Madeline Morris of Merrimack. "I'll vote for him. I'm easy."

Reagan watchers detect a note of anxiety in this frantic activity. Last week Reagan canceled a commitment in Illinois to schedule more New Hampshire activities. The purpose is not only to meet more voters but also to keep his campaign workers on the move. "I'm going to stay right through the election," Reagan jocularly told them. "I'm going to go out and spy and see if you're ringing doorbells." And as a final concession to the new demands on him, Reagan agreed to a TV debate with his G.O.P. rivals on Feb. 20 and one with Bush alone three days later.

The other Republican candidates range from somewhat visible to out of sight. Howard Baker is a tough campaigner, but he has a much weaker organization than the two front runners. Anything less than finishing a strong third would probably doom his campaign, and he is being threatened by, of all people, tell-it-like-it-is John Anderson, who has been attracting financial support from liberal Democrats. John Connally has practically written off New Hampshire and has been concentrating his resources in the first Southern primary, South Carolina on March 8. Phil Crane is expected to siphon off some Reagan votes in New Hampshire, just enough to keep him going until Illinois. For Robert Dole, New Hampshire may be the end of the line.

On the Democratic side, the Carter forces briefly had hoped—perhaps unrealistically—to knock Kennedy out of the race in Maine. When they failed to do that, they became worried about New Hampshire. Patrick Caddell, the President's pollster, feels that the local polls showing Carter way ahead cannot be trusted. His own surveys indicate that the President's lead is narrowing fast. Carter's staffers are sure that his failure to campaign is hurting him in a state where voters are accustomed to looking a candidate in the eye. Every night, White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan and other aides anxiously await the latest comments from voters phoned by Carter volunteers in New Hampshire. Increasingly, people express their displeasure over Carter's absence. But Carter refuses to budge from Washington until the hostages are released. The President said last week, "I want the world to know that I am not going to resume business as usual until our hostages are back here."

Meanwhile, his forces are hardly inactive in New Hampshire. The White House has been shoveling federal funds into the state: $34 million for highway improvements, a $1.5 million loan guarantee to American Skate Factory in Berlin, an $850,000 housing grant to Nashua. White House surrogates—Rosalynn, Chip, Miss Lillian, Vice President Walter and Joan Mondale, Muriel Humphrey—have made New Hampshire a second home. But the biggest campaign boost of all would come from Iran. Jests a White House aide: "Do you think folks would yell 'partisan' if we flew the hostages back to Pease Air Force Base [outside Portsmouth, N.H.]?"

Like a first-term Congressman, Kennedy lumbered around New Hampshire last week in a scruffy chartered bus overflowing with reporters. He slogged through streets, grimy factories and high school gyms in a determined effort to rescue his shaky political fortunes. But the Maine results had at least revived his hopes. Contributions, which had dried up after Iowa, were coming back in (to about $750,000 as of last week), and staffers were going back on the payroll.

In every speech, Kennedy is strenuously attacking Carter from the liberal side on both foreign and domestic issues. Explains a top aide: "He's only comfortable with that, not tailoring his opinions to this group or that poll." Kennedy opposes draft registration. "I would rather do with less gas than shed American blood to defend OPEC pipelines," he shouts. And nuclear power: "There is no position for nuclear power in a Kennedy energy program." And on the economy: "I will stop inflation in its tracks." His aides believe that Kennedy draws most blood when he assails Carter for "not coming out of the Rose Garden." Says Kennedy at every stop: "Jimmy Carter ought not to be given a blank check. The last time we did that was to Richard Nixon. Once is enough."

Kennedy's performance remains uneven. He delivers a speech sometimes firmly, sometimes haltingly. He seems to operate on two levels: strident or somnolent. He may bellow on one occasion, whisper on another. At breakfast one morning, he bored the Southern New Hampshire Association of Commerce and Industry. Later in the day, he barely caused a stir among high school students in Plaistow. But that night he wowed the crowd at the University of New Hampshire.

One result of Kennedy's heightened attacks on Carter has been to launch, even if only by long-range salvos, the debate that the Senator has long sought. "It looks like we finally got his attention," Kennedy laughed after one White House outburst. Carter has indeed been stung into answering Kennedy's accusations. To one charge, that he risked "spilling American blood to top off gas tanks here at home," Carter exploded to an aide: "It's disgusting!" Increasing bitterness between Carter and his chief rival could lead to a party split of serious proportions.

BRACK—BLACK STAR

Rosalynn Carter meeting with senior citizens in Concord

Will voters hold her husband's absence against him?

After all the sometimes exhilarating but often dreary campaigning, after all the charges and countercharges, for all the flesh pressing and mind reading, the New Hampshire results may be largely determined by events beyond the candidates' control. Both Democratic camps realize that Carter would be given an enormous lift if the hostages in Tehran were freed before the primary. If that happens, Kennedy must somehow try to hang on until the acclaim for the President subsides and voters remember his lackluster performance in handling inflation and energy. Losing in New Hampshire, however, will be more crippling for Kennedy than Carter since the next series of primaries takes place in the South, where the President has the commanding lead of a native son.

New Hampshire will be just as crucial for the Reagan-Bush race. If the Californian comes in second and then loses to Bush in Massachusetts, as expected, he cannot count on his support in the South and West holding up. Already there are signs of erosion to Bush in Reagan territory. On the other hand, now that Bush has raised expectations, he must continue to show momentum. Admits Bush: "I know that what goes up can get shot down." Once again, doughty little New Hampshire has accomplished what it set out to do by establishing the nation's first primary—the making and breaking of presidential candidates. ■

"He Wasn't in Touch"

Voters explain why they abandoned Kennedy for Carter

Before he announced his presidential candidacy, Senator Edward Kennedy led President Carter by 2-to-1 in a poll conducted for TIME *by the public opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc. But in the latest survey, taken in late January, that ranking was stunningly reversed. To find out what caused so many people to change their minds,* TIME *correspondents across the nation interviewed a sampling of the ex-Kennedy supporters who had been polled by Yankelovich. Most of them now lean toward Carter.*

McCamman

The Kennedy name. The remembrance of things past, of Jack and Bobby, not as they were but as they now seem to have been. That was Ted Kennedy's biggest political asset when he started his campaign in November. Explained Pharmacist Ken Dockter, 23, in Grafton, N.D.: "Right away you think of John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy and you kind of get pulled into it." Said Leroy Allen, 52, a black steelworker in Gary, Ind., who voted for John Kennedy in 1960: "Who can lead us to the promised land? Everybody's looking for Moses." Boston University Political Science Major Robert Aleknas, 21, thought Kennedy was the ideal man "to turn things around economically at home and with other countries abroad."

Now Aleknas, like many other voters, is asking: "Why did I think that?" Indeed, the Camelot legacy is turning out to be one of Kennedy's biggest handicaps, as many voters learn that he is not living up to their mythic memories of his brothers. Said Aleknas: "I was looking at the name and not the man. I realize that now." Said Steelworker Allen: "Strength is what we're seeking, and you have to ask, 'How much strength does the man have?' " Tren Miller, 30, a high school science teacher in La Vista, Neb., had hoped that the "Kennedy excitement would come forth again. It didn't, and I've been disappointed. For someone who's been in politics as long as he has, he should be more articulate." Others were surprised at how ill-prepared Kennedy seemed at many appearances. Said Glenn Kinduell, 27, an industrial-cleanser salesman in Fort Wayne, Ind.: "He seems more mortal now."

Hopkins

Many Kennedy backers began switching to Carter during the Iranian crisis. Said Detroit Air Traffic Clerk Betsy McCamman, 29: "It's not what Carter did, it's what he didn't do. He didn't overreact." Then Kennedy dismayed still other backers by attacking deposed Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. To James Schroeder, 33, a hotel bellman in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., this was "dirty pool." Said he: "If anything, Kennedy should have attacked the militants. He should have supported the President." Complained Richard Maynard, 30, a high school social studies teacher in Philadelphia: "There was a move for national unity, and Kennedy wasn't in touch with that at all."

After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the shift to Carter turned into a rout. Said Postal Clerk Ray Blalock, 39, of Charlotte, N.C.: "If the election were today, most likely I'd vote for Carter, because I feel we need some continuity in foreign affairs in this crisis right now." Said David Hopkins, 36, a forklift operator in Auburn, N.Y.: "Carter seems to be getting a little more tough with the Soviets, more forceful and dynamic. I don't turn off the TV now when Carter is talking."

Voters in Kennedy's native Boston have done similar soul-searching, and many of them have stopped backing him for much the same reasons as people elsewhere in the country. The wrench is particularly painful for Massachusetts voters who have strongly supported Kennedy in all of his previous campaigns, as TIME's national political correspondent, John Stacks, learned last week. His report on three typical voters who have abandoned the Senator:

Schroeder

When Ted Kennedy first ran for the Senate in 1962, Italian-born Vinnie DeRienzo, now 56, eagerly handed out campaign leaflets at the clothing factory in East Boston where he has been a pattern cutter for 18 years. DeRienzo was delighted when the Senator announced that he would seek the presidency. Said he: "I wasn't happy with Carter. He's let inflation get the best of us. And the more it costs me, the more I have to work." To cut energy costs, DeRienzo and his wife Mary have turned down the thermostat at their ranch-style house in Danvers, shut off two rooms and installed aluminum siding. But other expenses cannot be trimmed: his daily 26-mile commute has become more costly, and his daughter—the middle of three children—is still running up education bills as she works for her doctorate in psychology at Syracuse University.

Allen

By Christmastime, DeRienzo began to change his mind about Ted Kennedy. Said DeRienzo: "I felt let down, a little bit disillusioned." He feels a strong duty to support the President, even on draft registration, which would directly affect his 19-year-old son. Said DeRienzo: "If it's necessary, my boy will want to go. He'll go or I'll break his leg."

As his doubts about Kennedy began to grow ("He seems to be running confused," said DeRienzo), so did his old qualms about Chappaquiddick. Said Vinnie: "There are just too many unanswered questions. I tried to put it out of my mind. Anybody can make mistakes. But when you start reading about the details—you hear about the party, you hear this guy likes to drink—maybe you don't want him up there."

Herbert J. Levine, 51, is a research cardiologist at Tufts–New England Medical Center in Boston. He is Harvard-educated, well-traveled (he and his wife Sandy spent two weeks in China last fall) and considers himself a liberal. The Levines live in upper-middle-class West Newton, a few miles outside Boston, and vacation every August on Martha's Vineyard.

Said Levine: "I really wanted to find someone like Kennedy, an instinctive liberal. I wanted to embrace him." But within a few weeks, Levine started losing faith in Kennedy. Said he: "I found myself increasingly distrustful of him. I began to question his intellectual honesty about things. More and more his remarks seemed motivated by political aims and not by true convictions. I got the feeling that he felt he had to make a big splash, that he was looking for that one vibrant chord or else he was going to crash and burn. And I feel he never found that chord. Each month he's more and more pathetic. When I see him, I get the sense of an 'agonal gasp.' "

DeRienzo

Levine has always thought of himself as more dovish than most people. Because of his opposition to the Viet Nam War, he was among the majority of

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Levine

voters in Massachusetts —the only state that George McGovern carried—who supported McGovern in 1972. Nonetheless, said Levine, "I found myself reassured by Carter's reaction to the Soviets. I support his stand and I don't share Kennedy's position that Carter has been saber rattling."

Gloria Nickerson, 31, lives in a small, neatly kept row house in Malden, north of Boston. She is separated from her husband and works at three jobs to make ends meet: housekeeper, part-time accountant and weekend waitress at the Hilltop Steak House. She did not pay much attention to politics and public affairs until she concluded that her nine-year-old daughter Janine was getting an unsatisfactory education. Said Nickerson: "Last year I began worrying about the schools, about energy, about the economy, all of it."

She voted for Carter in 1976 but supported Kennedy last fall. Said she: "I was for Kennedy, especially because of national health care. He's really trying to help people like me. Medical costs are way out of line. He was for the underdog and still is —more so than Carter." But the President's policy on Iran changed her opinion of him as a leader. Said Nickerson: "I hadn't thought that Carter was aggressive enough. But now he's stood up and said we won't be pushed around. He's handled himself very well." She rejected Kennedy's contention that Carter had overreacted to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Her view: "Let's face it, it's out there and it's real."

She fully approves of Carter's call for a boycott of the Summer Olympics in Moscow. Said she: "The Olympics shouldn't be involved in politics, but you have to draw the line somewhere." And she supports the registration and the drafting of women. Said she: "It's my country too. In Israel, women are just as good soldiers as the men." Chappaquiddick, she insisted, did not influence her opinion. She explained: "What he does with his private life is his own business. Hey, let's face it, everybody fools around. It was a bad accident and he got caught. What's he going to do? He had to cover up."

Nickerson

But even though Nickerson has given up on Kennedy, she is still a long way from deciding whom to back in the Massachusetts primary on March 4 or in the November election. Said she: "I still haven't found the man to be President." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

An Unmistakable Footprint

There is a new American view of the world that is struggling to be born. "If détente is in limbo," asked one of the President's men last week, "what is going to take its place?" "We are forging a new method of response to the Soviets," suggested another key Carter planner. "Until now, responses have been mostly military. This will be much more political, cultural and economic."

What encourages such expansive and philosophical ruminations is that the world seems to be tilting ever so slightly, for a change, toward the U.S. There have been mistakes, hesitations and excesses by almost everyone in these past few months of crisis. That is not, however, an uncommon condition for a vigorous democracy. Out of the confusion at last comes the faintest suggestion of a coherent and effective force against the terrorism in Iran and the Soviet aggression in Afghanistan. Bit by painful bit, sometimes because of Jimmy Carter, sometimes in spite of him, the protests and actions of the U.S., though often appearing puny by themselves, are beginning to take on heft. Access to more bases near the Persian Gulf, a floating contingent of Marines, increased aid to friends and more of everything to follow—all this makes an unmistakable footprint over there. Draft registration, talk of war, so deplored by some, are nevertheless a measure of seriousness. The Olympic boycott, which eventually may not win very many actual backers among other nations, has elevated concern about Soviet aggression in almost every part of the world. New courage to speak out is manifest in many countries because the U.S. has held steady this time. A unity born of crisis is enhancing, be it ever so slightly, American prestige and presidential impact.

Churchill has a new reader

"Three years of experience in this office is inevitably going to pay off," says Jimmy Carter himself. He knows whom to consult on what within this country, which foreign leaders want to be led or consulted or pampered. "We know better how to use the public education process," he continues. And this skill has helped him to be increasingly persistent and consistent in policy. Carter feels that Congress now better comprehends the challenges. "The leaks are down," he says—no small aid in national security planning. That yields a freedom of thought and discussion backstage that steadies policy. The support of the U.S. people has been like a surge of new power for the White House, and the President believes that it has helped America's cause in the United Nations, particularly in the Islamic countries and the nonaligned world.

Carter can be forgiven a little pride. "The staunchness of our position has been an anchor," he declares. "It has given others time to build up their positions." He sees now the possibility of long-range impact in world opinion against any other extensions of Soviet power.

Carter has increased his private correspondence with the other world leaders. He has sent off secret messages to 120 nations about the Olympic boycott. Now there is a discernible shift to our side in their replies.

His tough language about American intentions in the Persian Gulf was deliberate, not to define a battleground but to send a message that this is not going to be a transient attitude. "The U.S. has a broad strategic group of forces," says Carter. Thus he carefully chose and used two words in last week's news conference—"tactics" and "terrain." The U.S., he said, would not allow the Soviets to choose either in any confrontation. Translated, that means that an American response to new aggression might come any place in the world where Soviet interests are handicapped by narrow waterways or other confining geography. By standing so firm, by being aggressively resolute, by sending a sharp signal to Moscow, and by being moderate in demands, the President is convinced, this nation "can best avoid war."

Carter has been rereading Winston Churchill's history of World War II, studying in particular that part where Hitler moves unchallenged into the Rhineland in 1936. "Nobody sent a clear signal to Hitler," says the President. "War became inevitable. We are not going to let that happen."

Greetings . . .

Carter's draft proposals

"I have not called for and do not anticipate calling for a draft," said Jimmy Carter. "We are advocating [only] registration for a draft." But a law passed by Congress in November required the President last week to spell out the kind of draft he would ask the legislators to approve if one ever did become necessary. The main features of Carter's 62-page message:

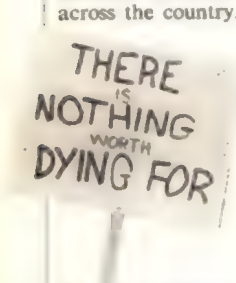
▸ Men and women born before 1960 would escape service entirely; they would not even be asked to register. All Americans born in 1960 and 1961 would register this year, assuming that Congress votes authorization. People born in 1962 would register next January and from then on other young men and women would register on their 18th birthdays.

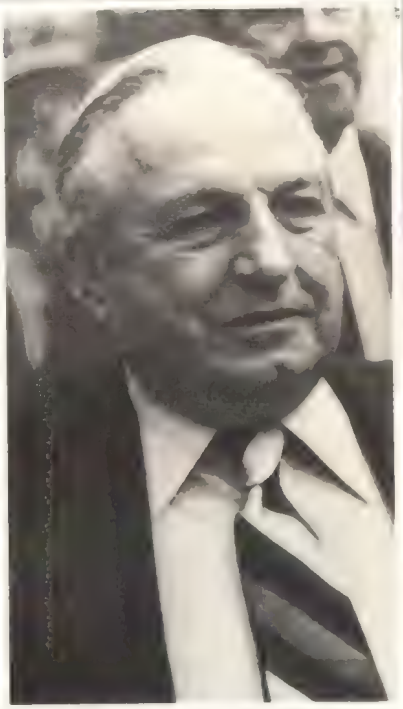
▸ If a draft began, 20-year-olds would be called first, by lottery; on the same day that Congress authorized a draft, the Selective Service would hold a drawing to establish an "order of call" for young people to appear before their draft boards.

▸ There would be only one categorical exemption, for "ministers of religion"—a title that few 20-year-olds could claim. Otherwise, said Selective Service Spokesman Brayton Harris, "there will be no student deferments, no occupational deferments and no automatic deferments for family status," meaning that married youths, young fathers and even mothers would be subject to induction. Local draft boards, however, could defer those who pleaded excessive hardship or asked to be excused as conscientious objectors.

At this point the discussion is totally theoretical. No draft boards exist; the Selective Service system is only now drawing up guidelines for choosing members. Congress will not balk at requiring men to register. But Speaker Tip O'Neill reports that the House is "overwhelmingly" opposed to registering women, despite Carter's assurance that he would never permit "the use of women in combat." Signing up men only, if that is what emerges from Congress, would almost certainly be challenged in the courts on the ground that it would be discriminatory.

In the meantime, protests against registration continued on college campuses across the country, though crowds were small. The first real indication of the strength of anti-registration sentiment probably will be the turnout at a demonstration planned by protest groups in Washington on March 22. ■





Reputed Crime Boss Marcello in New Orleans

Abscam (Contd.)

Mafiosi call off a summit

And now, another FBI sting. The public sequel to Operation Abscam and Operation Brilab was Operation Miporn, an abbreviation of Miami pornography. This time, the FBI opened a little pornography business in Miami called Golde Coaste Specialties, Inc., and began buying sex books, movies, video tapes. After 2½ years of investigation, the FBI last week got indictments against 45 alleged pornography merchants in ten states. Said one official: "This wiped out the whole top echelon of the pornography business."

The results of such sweeps—and the FBI now has 50 sting operations under way—are not necessarily that permanent. In the Abscam probe that rocked Congress the previous week, there was little new action except a probe of who had leaked the story. In the Brilab investigation that disclosed official corruption in Louisiana and Texas, high state officials paraded before a grand jury and professed their innocence of all wrongdoings.

Some of the most interesting aspects of Brilab, however, have not yet been made public. These involve the dealings of pudgy, graying Carlos ("Little Man") Marcello, 70, long the reputed king of organized crime in New Orleans, who has been outmaneuvering U.S. deportation proceedings ever since 1953.

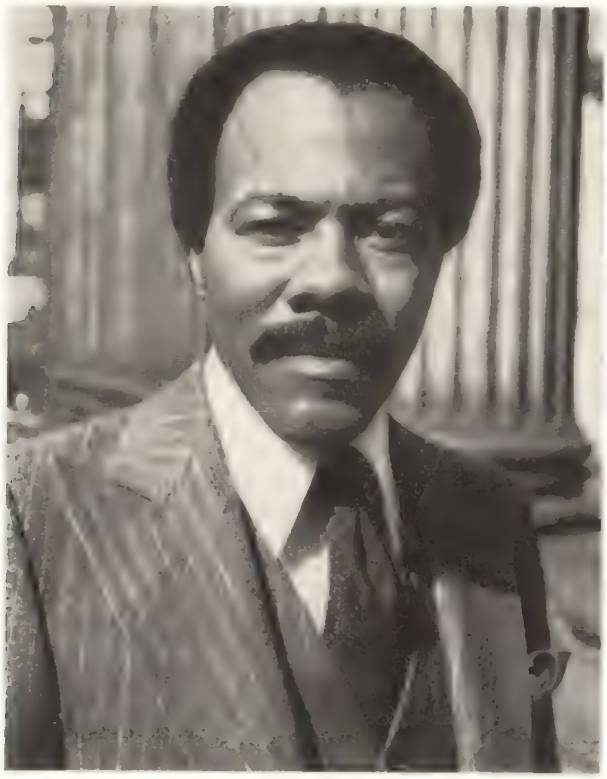
"We own the Teamsters," Marcello allegedly claimed at one point, while two FBI agents posing as California insurance salesmen kept their secret tape recorders turning. Marcello had told his new-found friends that certain officeholders in Texas and Louisiana could be persuaded to help them land insurance contracts covering state and municipal employees—for fat personal fees. But that, Marcello suggested, was nothing compared with the millions of dollars that could be drawn from the huge health and welfare insurance funds of the Teamsters Union. Marcello claimed that Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons was too ill to block a change. Allen Dorfman, a Chicago insurance broker and former Teamster consultant who had long held great influence over the union's pension funds, was about to be removed, Marcello said.

The FBI taped the deal offered by Marcello: he would use his influence within the Teamsters to get them a big cut of the union's insurance; in return, they had to deposit $2 million in a safe deposit box rented under a fictitious name.

The deal was to have been sealed at a gathering in New Orleans this week —during Mardi Gras—of the Mafia's nationwide controlling commission. It would have been the most important meeting of the mob bosses since their celebrated conclave in Apalachin, N.Y., in 1957. The Chicago and New Orleans families were to have pinned down just how to cut the $2 million payoff for switching the Teamster insurance. Another topic was to have been how to recover Mafia dominance of the narcotics traffic. The FBI had hoped that much of the discussion would have been picked up by FBI microphones planted around the hangouts of Marcello, who was to have been host for the meeting. But when Abscam blew into the headlines, the wary Mafia called the whole thing off.

The Abscam leaks also caused a premature closing of the Brilab sting. By then, though, the Brilab investigators had tapped the Washington telephones of I. Irving Davidson, a longtime capital public relations man who admits being a friend of Marcello's. The FBI taps overheard Davidson regularly calling some low-level assistants to various presidential aides to discuss his clients' problems.

But why would anyone in the Justice Department leak news of the Abscam sting if it imperiled the simultaneous Brilab scam? One possible answer, according to some Justice Department sources, was that one or more of Abscam's key directors in the New York–New Jersey area were angry at what they considered a premature termination of the Abscam operation. Abscam was shut down, these New York officials apparently believed, just as it was about to reach more members of Congress than the eight already involved. Fearing a high-level cover-up, the advocates of this theory claim, the lower-level officials decided to make sure that Abscam's results to date were spread on the public record. ■



One of these mayors now runs a city with safer-driving employees, lower taxes and a brand new fire truck.

The mayor on the left saw that his city was headed for problems. A dangerously high accident rate among drivers of city-owned vehicles and a growing exposure to lawsuits made his community especially vulnerable to liability losses. At the same time, the city needed a new piece of fire-fighting equipment it couldn't afford.

The solution was provided by cooperation between city government and private enterprise.

The insurance company that provides coverage analyzed the community's loss record and safety procedures. The company helped set up a new loss control program which included a training course for drivers of city-owned vehicles. The result was a substantial decrease in the number of preventable accidents.

That in turn made it possible for the insurance company to reduce the city's municipal liability insurance premium by $35,000–enough to purchase the new fire truck.

We represent a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, and we encourage communities to participate in loss control programs. These programs can reduce municipal liability costs, help keep taxes in line and make communities better, safer places in which to work and live.

Here's what we're doing to keep municipal liability costs down:

- Working with communities to help develop loss control programs designed to reduce the number of accidents and injuries.
- Supporting state government legislation to restore balance to the legal liability system.

Here's what you can do:

- Encourage your local and state governments to establish loss control programs.
- Report hazards to the proper authorities.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

"Where Is My Country?"

Agent Orange's victims step up demands for compensation

The young men had expected long ago to have memories of the Viet Nam War behind them and concentrate on their growing families and civilian careers. But when 300 Long Island, N.Y., veterans, wives and children met at St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Bay Shore, they exchanged tales of a terror that has deformed their lives. Jim Albrigtsen, 30, is in almost constant pain from pus-filled lumps under his skin. Mike Ryan, 34, has recovered from a similar affliction, but his eight-year-old daughter Kerry has 18 birth defects, including missing bones in her right arm and intestinal malformations. Ronald De Boer, 31, has a healthy three-year-old daughter but doubts that he will father any more children; he has lost one testicle to cancer, which is extremely rare in a man that young.

The former soldiers are united by more than their pain; they gathered to hear a report on what may be the biggest product-liability case ever filed, and surely one of the most unusual. With some 3,000 other Viet Nam veterans across the country, they are plaintiffs in a suit against five companies that made a defoliant called Agent Orange, which the veterans believe is the cause of their maladies.

The Air Force sprayed Agent Orange heavily over Viet Nam to lay bare thousands of acres of jungle in which Viet Cong guerrillas were thought to be hiding. An Army handout for one such mission, Operation Ranch Hand in 1966, assured the troops that "the sprayed chemical is nontoxic to human or animal life." But Agent Orange was contaminated by a byproduct of the manufacturing process, dioxin, which is perhaps the most toxic synthetic chemical known. When a few pounds of it were released into the air by an explosion at an Italian chemical plant in 1976, more than 700 people in the town of Seveso were evacuated. Some of them have never been allowed to return to their homes, which are still contaminated. About 350 lbs. of dioxin were contained in the 11 million gal. of the herbicide sprayed on Viet Nam. Dioxin can cause a variety of torments, including a skin disorder called chloracne, liver damage and cancer. In addition, a researcher for the Food and Drug Administration once estimated that dioxin is "100,000 to a million times more potent" than thalidomide in causing birth defects among the children of people exposed to it.

Veterans, and their children who were conceived after the war, began displaying symptoms identical to those known to be caused by dioxin poisoning shortly after the servicemen returned to the U.S., but they and their doctors long failed to connect their illnesses to Agent Orange. After reading about the Seveso incident, however, Paul Reutershan, a veteran who was suffering from cancer of the colon, filed suit in 1977. He died the next year, at age 28, but by then Victor Yannacone Jr., the lawyer who had brought the 1966 suit that helped ban DDT, had taken up his case. The defendants are Dow Chemical Co., Monsanto Co., Thompson-Hayward Chemical Co., Hercules Inc. and Diamond Shamrock Corp.

Yannacone contends that the companies knew that Agent Orange was highly dangerous, but failed to warn either the Pentagon or servicemen who might come in contact with it. He is asking the federal district court in Westbury, Long Island, to order the companies to pay a percentage of their future profits—the amount to be determined by the court—into a trust fund for the compensation and care of all Viet Nam G.I.s and their children injured by dioxin. The sum at stake could easily run into the hundreds of millions of dollars, or even billions, as Agent Orange Victims International finds more purported sufferers and adds their names to the suit. At least 50,000 G.I.s served in the areas where Agent Orange was sprayed.

No date has been set for a trial, and when it does begin it could drag on for years. But the companies already have asked permission to sue the Government to recover any money that the court may eventually make them pay to the veterans. The companies claim that the Government mandated the manufacturing specifications for Agent Orange and then misused them. The veterans cannot sue the Government; a 1950 Supreme Court decision bars suits by servicemen who have been injured on duty because of negligence by military personnel.

BOB BARD-COURIST NEWS, WASHINGTON

LIFE MALONE

De Boer and his wife chatting with Yannacone; inset, spraying defoliant in Viet Nam (1970)

A variety of torments, including cancer, birth defects and painful lumps under the skin.

The Government has refused any responsibility for the servicemen's plight. The veterans are especially bitter because they cannot get disability payments or free treatment from the Veterans Administration for the illnesses that they believe were caused by dioxin. Says Albrigtsen: "When you go in to a VA hospital and say you are an Agent Orange victim, they look at you as if you were nuts."

The VA's position is that the veterans cannot prove that their maladies and those of their children were caused by use of Agent Orange in Viet Nam. Bills recently introduced in Congress by Democratic Representative David Bonior of Michigan and Republican Senator John Heinz III of Pennsylvania would grant free treatment for any veteran who could establish that he had served in specified areas of Viet Nam where Agent Orange was sprayed. But Democratic Representative Thomas Downey of New York warned veterans attending the Long Island meeting that the bill will pass only if they apply heavy political pressure. Said Downey: "You've got to hold our feet to the fire."

A number of his listeners were cynical about their chances. Said Mike Ryan: "I was there when my country needed me. Where is my country now that I need help?" ■

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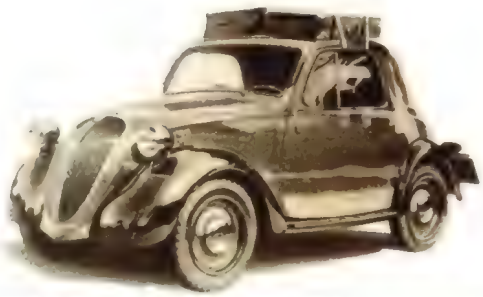

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Americana

Record Breakers

The Young County jail in Graham, Texas, is remarkably unconfining. In the past two years 16 inmates have escaped. The record—at least for two-man escapes—is held by Jeffrey Lamb, 18, and David Bowman, 20, who were arrested last August on charges of burglary, attempted murder and car theft.

In October they escaped by scuttling under a fence in the exercise yard. Recaptured, they squirmed to freedom in December through air-conditioning vents. They were caught again but broke out this month through a supposedly shatterproof glass window.

They were captured a third time and sent to the more secure Dallas County jail. Says Young County District Attorney Boyd Richie of his lockup: "The only way to fix it is to bulldoze it."

Bank Deposit

D.B. Cooper, where are you now?
We're looking for you high and low.
With your pleasant smile,
And your dropout style,
*D.B. Cooper, where did you go?**

That question has also been asked by FBI agents, ever since D.B. Cooper hijacked a Boeing 727 in 1971, extorted $200,000 and four parachutes from Northwest Airlines, and bailed out at 7,000 ft. over rolling wooded hills near La Center in the state of Washington. No trace was ever found of the ransom or Cooper, who soon became a local folk hero.

Then last week eight-year-old Brian Ingram dug a dozen packets of weathered $20 bills from a bank of the Columbia River near Vancouver, Wash. The FBI determined from the serial numbers that the $4,000 was part of Cooper's loot. Using picks and shovels, agents unearthed fragments of several more bills, some buried 3 ft. deep. FBI officials speculate that the money and Cooper landed somewhere upstream and that floods washed the bills to their final resting place. Said FBI Agent Ralph Himmelsbach, who has been investigating the hijacking for more than eight years: "The money didn't make it out. As for whether Cooper did, I'll leave that to conjecture."

*©1971 Fremont West Music

Illustrations for TIME by Sandy Huffaker

No Bull in the China Shop

When Chinese Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping visited Houston last year, Rancher John Joyce gave him a Texas-size souvenir: a 1,000-lb. champion brahma bull worth $10,000. Joyce also handed Deng a letter offering to sell more bulls, if China was shopping.

Since then Joyce has called the Texas and U.S. Departments of Agriculture and written to the Chinese consulate in Houston for instructions about what to do with the bull, but has received no replies. Last week an official of the Chinese embassy in Washington said that the "matter is still under consideration" and that he is still waiting for orders from Peking. Meanwhile, Joyce said, he is "tired of feeding the bull," which since Deng's visit has gained 400 lbs. on a $2.50-a-day diet of corn, cottonseed hulls, molasses, oats and a protein supplement.

What Makes Jane Burn?

For Chicago, 1980 has been just one calamity after another. First, the city's bond rating was lowered, raising Chicago's interest rates. Next, Mayor Jane Byrne had to lock labor negotiators behind closed doors until they agreed on a contract to end a two-week teachers' strike. Then, on Valentine's Day, almost all the city's 4,300 fire fighters struck.

But what really burned Her Honor was a picture taken last summer by her official photographer, Martha Leonard. It shows the mayor and her daughter Kathy, 22, mugging as gangsters' molls with Comedians John Belushi and Dan Ackroyd, who were in Chicago to film the movie *The Blues Brothers*. Kathy thought the photo was "cute" and permitted Leonard to give a print to *Us* magazine. Byrne reacted like a gangbuster, demoting Leonard to the photo pool, with a pay reduction from $21,000 to $15,000. Leonard quit. Said she: "The photo was shot when the city had fewer problems and there was time to play." At week's end a blizzard was heading toward Chicago.

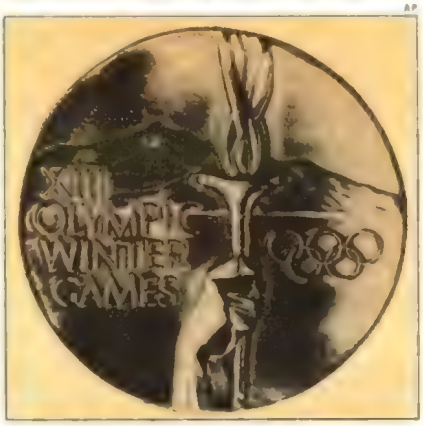
MARTHA LEONARD

Only the Lake Was Placid

Daring, drama and despair as the Olympics get off to a rousing start

Werner Heisenberg's Principle of Uncertainty states that no one can predict the exact behavior of even a single atomic particle. Heisenberg might have appreciated the 1980 Winter Olympics. The Lake Placid Games have developed into a sort of festival of life's unpredictability. No one knows whether they will be the last Olympics of the modern era; international politics will settle that. A similar uncertainty hung like fog over the frozen spectators; none of them knew whether they would ever find a bus to carry them away from a darkening mountain to warmth again. Lake Placid's logistics tended toward the existential.

A number of athletes were also discovering something about life's talent for surprise. Canada's Ken Read, a favorite to win the most important ski race in the world, the Olympic men's downhill, pitched himself out of the starting gate and 15 seconds into his run, felt the safety binding on his left ski let go. Read parted with the ski and the potential gold he had spent years training for. The men's downhill winner was just as unpredictable: Austria's Leonhard Stock, the 21-year-old Tyrol farmer's son who was not even supposed to be a starter on the downhill team. The women's downhill, however, followed form. The favorite was Austria's Annemarie Moser-Pröll, 26, who had captured the World Cup six times but had never taken an Olympic event. She attacked Whiteface Mountain fiercely, won easily and was mobbed by jubilant members of her ski club from back home in Kleinarl, who trampled down fences to get to her.



The American pursuit of gold went haltingly at first. Although Pete Patterson finished an unexpected fifth in the downhill, Karl Anderson tumbled spectacularly just out of the gate, and Phil Mahre, considered the best U.S. skier, managed only a 14th. Bill Koch, 24, who surprised the world with a silver medal in the 30-km cross-country four years ago at Innsbruck, surprised it again. With 8 km to go, Koch found himself back in 23rd position and, rather than finish exhausted, dropped out and skied off through the forest. He hoped to save energy for the 15-km event, but he ended up 16th as, in an astonishing finish, Sweden's Thomas Wassberg edged Finland's Juha Mieto by one-hundredth of a second.

In the 1,500-meter race, Speed Skater Beth Heiden, 20, had reason for hope as she flashed across the finish line in 2:13.10. She had just broken the Olympic record by 3.48 sec. The trouble: 17 other skaters also were to break the record. Beth ended up in seventh place as Annie Borchink, 28, a sturdy Dutch nursing student, glided off with the gold in a time of 2:10.95. But no one was hit by Heisenberg's Principle harder than the American pairs figure-skating team of Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia. The Olympics' most touching moment was the sight of the brilliant Gardner sprawling on the ice, victim of a muscle pull that ended the golden hopes of Randy and Tai.

Still, there were sparkling moments for the U.S. Eric Heiden, 21, Beth's big brother and the finest speed skater in the world, won the 500-meter race by beating the Soviets' Yevgeny Kulikov and then won again in the 5,000-meter. What was more, the U.S. hockey team coalesced into a scrappily aggressive surprise. Having tied the powerful Swedes, 2-2, they gave a 7-3 beating to the seasoned Czechs, who were rated No. 2 in the tournament behind only the incredible Soviets. On Saturday, the Americans defeated the Norwegians 5-1.

As expected, the Soviet Union was winning the most early medals, showing strength in cross-country skiing and speed skating, two of its traditional sports. It was the Soviets who won the first gold medal of the Games when Nikolai Zimyatov finished first in the 30-km cross-country. Right behind him was Teammate Vasily Rochev to take the silver.

The setting for the drama of the Games is an old and suitable theater for winter sports. The third Winter Olympics were held in Lake Placid in 1932, and although the village has acquired some modern hotels since then, it remains a remote little world of its own, with one traffic light at the end of curving, two-lane approach roads. The local Olympic Organizing Committee operated under the slogan, vaguely truculent in its modesty: AN OLYMPICS IN PERSPECTIVE. Lake Placid, with the help of local, state and federal funds, spent $178 million fixing itself up for the winter carnival. The results revealed both the advantages and disadvantages of inviting the world to a small village, but the organizers succeeded in creating an event that was curiously attractive and well suited to the distinctly north-country American flavor of the setting.

Lake Placid (pop. 2,700) has none of the international glamour of Chamonix or Saint Moritz, no air of chic money at winter play. The village lies in the heart of a 6 million-acre state park amid the worn and camel-backed Adirondacks that showed gray-brown all through the Northeast's snowless winter. On cue last week, they did get sprinkled with white, like a moderate dose of talcum powder. Without snow all season, the desperate organizers spent three weeks covering the trails with a thick base of artificial snow that has provided remarkably fast times.

But all the changes and improvisations were not for the better. Locals have been complaining for years about the corruption of contractors and the greed of other residents out to profiteer on the Games. Some expensive ski-wear outfits moved into temporary shops on Main Street, near such no-nonsense bars as Jimmy's and the Arena Grill. Food prices soared: $1 for a cup of coffee, $2 for a hot dog. Tickets for the Olympic events have been priced at an undemocratic $11.20 to $67.20 per person, and distribution was a chaotic mess. But as the early events failed to draw the expected crowds, scalpers were forced to take losses. Hockey tickets costing $28 were going for half that.

Private cars were banned within a 15-mile radius of Lake Placid, and an elaborate bus system was devised to shuttle some 25,000 spectators per day to outlying parking areas. It did not work. Hundreds were stranded for hours in the subfreezing cold, miles from events, motels or parking lots. To help out where needed, the committee set up a cadre of volunteers from the surrounding area. Garbed in bright blue snowsuits with yellow trim, they did their earnest best to make

Two days after the opening ceremonies, Speed Skater Eric Heiden won the 500 meters, the first U.S. gold medal

visitors feel welcome. The state police took their responsibilities so seriously that they hauled away an illegally parked car belonging to Art Devlin, vice president of the Lake Placid Organizing Committee, and another belonging to the FBI. Indeed, the citizens sometimes out-organized themselves. The mother of American Speed Skater Leah Poulos Mueller, who has sharpened her daughter's skates through 20 years of competition and two earlier Olympics, found herself banned from facilities at the rink, but a Lake Placid teenager let out of school for the grand holiday could wander in and stare at the stars.

Security, understandably, remained a serious concern. The Village and the surrounding areas of competition bristled with small arms—not the ubiquitous submachine guns manned by guards that were so startling at Innsbruck four years ago (a legacy of the massacre of Israelis in Munich in 1972) but an immense arsenal of handguns. Even the security men working for the state's environmental-conservation department office carried pistols.

But Lake Placid has no sinister air about it, nor could it have; it is not that kind of place. The opening ceremonies were small-town and goodhearted, vaguely resembling a high school football halftime show with unlikely overreachings in the direction of Super Bowl kitsch. A crowd of 22,000—slightly less than capacity, because some ticket holders were stranded without transportation—gathered in the stands at the old Lake Placid horse-show grounds to meet the athletes. The Canadians, the eighth team to march into the stadium behind their colors, brought a deep roar of thanks and a standing ovation from Americans remembering the Canadian diplomats who smuggled six U.S. hostages out of Tehran last month. The Soviets were received tepidly but politely; when a man in the stands shouted "Afghanistan, Bananistan, get your ass out of Kabul!," he was quickly shushed by fellow spectators.

Vice President Walter Mondale proclaimed the Games open, and a jogging psychiatrist from Tucson lit the Olympic flame. Like a county fair run mildly amuck, the ceremonies then erupted with a swarm of released doves and helium-filled balloons, followed by the gentle flyby of two dozen immense hot-air balloons. It was fun, and the display left the crowd in an ebullient and expectant mood. As the spectators filed out, members of the American ski team were climbing onto one of the buses that had brought them from the Olympic Village. "Right on!" someone in the crowd cheered at the team. The American kids grinned back.

The Austrian ski team was considerably grimmer than the Americans, and for a good but unusual reason: it had too much talent. In fact, so strong were the Austrians that Franz Klammer did not even make the team. In 1976, Klammer's run in Innsbruck had instantly become a classic of sport—a headlong, fanatical plunge of almost mystical recklessness

Soviet's one-two punch in the cross-country: Zimyatov and Rochev.

Success for some in a festival of unpredictability.

Austria's Leonhard Stock exults after winning the men's downhill

and desire. But the following year, Klammer's younger brother Klaus, also a racer, fell so badly that he will probably be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. After that, some critical edge of aggressiveness departed from Franz Klammer's racing style, and he was unable to make the Austrian team for the 1980 Olympics.

Originally, the Austrians had planned to race a four-man downhill team of Peter Wirnsberger, Werner Grissmann, Harti Weirather and Josef Walcher, the 1978 downhill world champion. The team's alternate, Leonhard Stock, a long-nosed and wiry clerk from Austria's lovely Ziller Valley, had severely injured his shoulder in December while training for the World Cup, and went to Lake Placid as a substitute. But in practice runs at Whiteface, Stock clocked the best time for all racers on the first day, then repeated the feat the second day. Team officials met and settled upon a fratricidal little rite of natural selection. Stock and Weirather had made the team, but the three other racers would have to fight for the remaining two slots by making one more training run down Whiteface. Officials turned down a proposal by the five skiers that they all be made to qualify on the final day.

There is little camaraderie in ski racing, an individual's sport, and the three who were thus not assured of starting were grumblingly bitter. "We didn't want to do it that way," Grissmann said later. "We eventually agreed with the team leadership, but that was the day we lost confidence in it." Said Walcher: "I went along because I did not want to ruin the rest of my racing career, but I did not like it." In the end, Walcher was the odd man out, and Stock boomed down Whiteface on the last training run with a better time than any of his teammates.

Something about Whiteface, hulking and picturesque, seemed to agree with Stock. The course that plunges down its side is not one of the ski circuit's most difficult runs. To ac-

commodate lesser skiers, Olympic courses generally are not as demanding as most in World Cup events. With a length of 3,028 meters, the Whiteface downhill is a little too short and, in its final third, a little too flat to test the world's best skiers. But the run has its challenges, especially in the upper third, a steep (up to 55° grade), twisting course that runs through such expert skier's delights as "Hurricane Alley" and "Dynamite Corner." It is there the skier must show the technical virtuosity to survive the turns while building the momentum to swing down through the steep, screamingly fast (nearly 90 m.p.h.) middle section that eventually soothes to a long, final flat. "The secret," said Canada's Ken Read, "is to ski the top well. That's where the time is lost—and won."

Stock started ninth in a race that any one of four or five men could have taken. The time to beat was the 1:47.13 set by Italy's Herbert Plank. With four fast jolts of his ski poles, Stock propelled himself out of the starting gate and launched into the knifing and chittering switchback turns at the course's top. He shot through them with a wildly debonair angling, self-assured, and then, as the course got straighter and rougher, he bounced several times violently for an instant as if he had lost everything, his limbs doing minute, chaotic leaps—roughly the effect

Stock flashing down Whiteface Mountain in his race for gold

America's Dave Christian rams Czech goalie during 7-3 upset win, and Dave Silk scores the first tally against Sweden in the 2-2 tie

of a man being electrocuted while descending on a roller coaster. Once or twice his ski tips flipped up anarchically for a nanosecond in the direction of his nose. With his strong, gyroscopic instincts, Stock disciplined those little apocalypses and hurtled on, his body tucked into a bullet, a jaunty and maniacal capsule rocketing down the mountainside.

At the finish, Stock looked back up at the mountain and shook his head, again and again. He was not confident, although his time of 1:45.5 was more than a second faster than Italy's Plank. As the moments passed, more skiers descended; Stock kept his eyes fixed upon the electronic scoreboard to watch their clockings. Switzerland's Peter Mueller, the top downhill man in the 1979 World Cup and one of the favorites at Lake Placid, came in more than a second slower than Stock; he would place fourth. The Austrian Wirnsberger finished at 1:46.12, good enough for the silver. Canada's Steve Podborski clocked in at 1:46.62, fast enough for the bronze. As racer after racer failed to break Stock's time, a small group of Austrian spectators outside the finish area began to sing *Immer Wieder Austria* (Again and Again Austria). When he had finally won, the Austrian team officials lifted Stock upon their shoulders, and he held his ski poles high in grinning triumph.

Back home in the village of Finkenberg (pop. 1,200), Stock's family had not laid in any champagne because they thought it would bring their racer bad luck. But Wilhelm Haag, the mayor and principal of the primary school, had thoughtfully procured a supply of fireworks; liquor was found, and the celebration went on and on.

After his victory, Stock insisted that the prerace bloodletting had not disturbed him. Said he amiably: "I am a big fighter. I have been fighting since I was a kid. I had to fight to come back from my injury. I had to fight to get into the race."

The gold medal that Stock takes back to the Ziller Valley will be accompanied by some crasser rewards. His triumph on Whiteface Mountain should be worth between $50,000 and $100,000 a year for endorsing skiing equipment—not bad for an amateur.

Compared with the downhill, with its extravagant relationship between gravity and a sort of exhibitionist will, speed skating seems tame to Americans, an exercise grindingly precise, an icy, athletic watchmaking. Only in recent weeks have Eric and Beth Heiden, the brother-and-sister speed skaters from Madison, Wis., begun to educate Americans about the beauties of their sport: the swoopingly powerful grace, the lean, economical rhythms of a skater swinging over very fast, gray-blue ice, bright, silver shavings leaping minutely in the sun with every snick of the skate blade. In Norway and The Netherlands, citadels of the sport, Eric is an athletic hero. As the Olympics approached, he acquired celebrity in his own country.

The 500 meters is Heiden's weakest event. Five days before the Olympics opened, he lost the first heat of the world sprint championships to U.S. Teammate Dan Immerfall, an upset that left Immerfall mildly dazzled and Heiden, oddly enough, relieved. "The defeat took some of the pressure off," said Heiden. "I could relax a little."

He felt easier as he got set for the 500 meters in Lake Placid, and found he was in one of those splendid matchups that rarely occur in a sport in which the race is not against another but against the clock. The pairings for speed skating are a matter of pure chance. For the 500 meters last week, the draw for the inner lane was the Soviets' Kulikov, the current world record holder in the event and the gold medal winner in 1976. For the outer lane: Eric Heiden.

When Heiden skated onto the ice, the crowd chanted rhythmically, "E-ric! E-ric!" Heiden and Kulikov stripped down to their sleek, skintight uniforms. Their hair was tucked into constricting hoods that improve their aerodynamics but, says Heiden, make it hard to breathe in any position other than a skater's crouch.

There was a false start, charged to both skaters. Then the race was off cleanly: it amounted to a little more than half a minute of intense windmilling energy, an event of amazingly compacted skill. Speed skating is a contained, glyptic art, etching heat applied to ice. Kulikov whipped through the first 100 meters .05 seconds faster than Heiden. Then the Soviet slipped for an instant on the first turn, stuck out a hand, regained his balance and held his lead into the backstretch. The two men switched lanes in the backstretch, as prescribed, but Heiden was still behind going into the final turn. He began to accel-

erate as the most dangerous moment in speed skating approached: going at 30 m.p.h., he had to fight the centrifugal force of the turn. Heiden was digging into the ice as though his blades were geared to small and furiously spinning wheels of diamonds.

The American came out of the turn in a dead heat with Kulikov. Heiden's powerful, heavily muscled legs chopped into the ice and his strokes sent up rooster tails of shavings. There was no such trail of glittering ice in Kulikov's wake. Heiden pulled away to win and establish a new Olympic record of 38:03 sec., 1.14 sec. faster than the mark achieved in Innsbruck by Kulikov. The Soviet, who finished in 38.37, had to settle for the silver. Heiden said later that he felt almost as though he had been fired out of a slingshot when he came through the final turn. It was one of the great moments of the Olympics' first week.

Beth Heiden was less fortunate in the 1500 meters. She had won the World Championship in 1979 and the event was one of her best, but a series of irritants nagged her. It was snowing, for one thing, and she was slated to go first, something skaters hate to do. The ice is always colder—and therefore slower—before it is worked over by the competitors. Worse, the first racer out on the course has to set her own pace. Still, these were all minor annoyances compared to the fact that she had sprained her ankle the previous weekend. Oddly, the ankle did not bother her when she skated, but it did hurt when she ran, and that was just about as bad. Skaters run before a race to loosen their muscles, a vital part of their preparation.

Heiden got a good start, but she obviously was beginning to fade in the final third of the race. Her stroking, normally so brisk and efficient, seemed choppy and strained. It was like watching a finely tuned machine run out of lubricant and start to seize up. When it was over, she said she had expected to finish about sixth. Then she added in her chirpy little kid's voice: "You can get pretty nervous thinking about what people expect. But then you say, 'Hey, it's only two and a half minutes out of my life.' " The next day, Heiden spent 43.18 sec. of her life and came in seventh in the 500-meters. The race was won by East Germany's Karin Enke, 18, the sport's newest sensation, who finished in 41.78 sec. and broke the Olympic record by .98 sec. In second place was America's Leah Poulos Mueller.

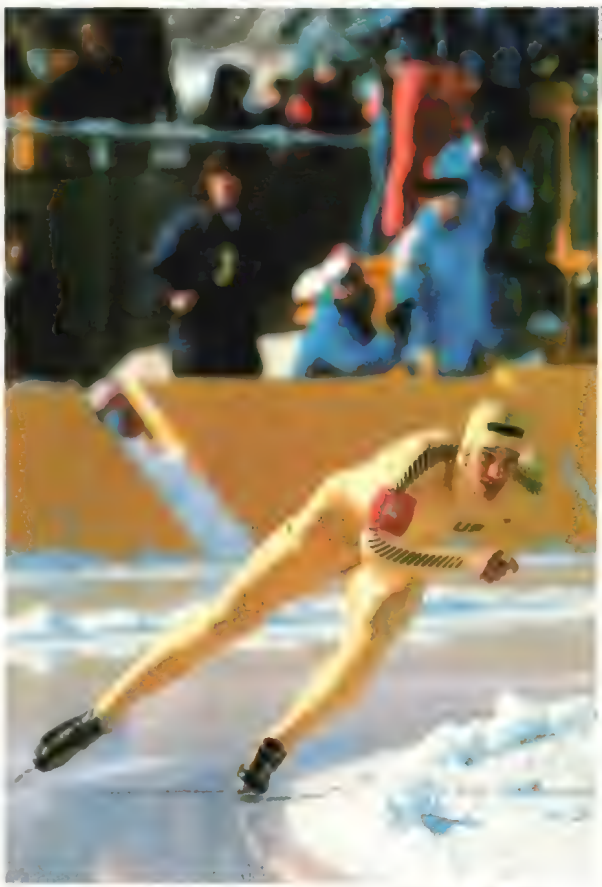
While the Heidens were warmed by pre-Games publicity, the U.S. hockey team went about its training in cold anonymity. But then the team began to play at Lake Placid and suddenly people started to take notice: the young squad was the most promising ever to represent the U.S. in the Olympics, although it performed with maddening inconsistency.

The team is coached by Herb Brooks, who directed the University of Minnesota to the National Championship last year, and who, understandably, chose for his traveling 16 players who came from the state of Minnesota. The next largest contingent—six—came from Massachusetts, the other main center of hockey in the country.

Brooks once said his team played "sophisticated pond hockey." Whatever its name, the style of the Americans is oddly schizophrenic. They ride players into the boards and forecheck—an oafish game. On offense, on the other hand, they strive—when they can remember their orders—to practice pinpoint passing. The weakness of this hybrid approach showed up in a big game against the Czechs. With a one-man advantage after a Czech penalty, the Americans got too clever by half: they fecklessly passed the puck back and forth for 1 min. 40 sec., until time ran out. All the while, Brooks was screaming, "Shoot! Shoooot!"

As the game went on, the Americans settled down and shot plenty. At times they moved the puck in precise and genteel patterns, but they were not above reverting to type and giving an opponent a good old American elbow. Most important of all, perhaps, the emotional U.S. players performed at a level that surprised even them, to say nothing of the favored Czechs, who were thoroughly beaten.

Earlier, against the Swedes, the underdog Americans played like future members of the National Hockey League, and, indeed, 15 members of the team have been drafted by the pros. They bashed the Europeans into the boards, they scuffled the puck into the corners. If their pond hockey was not terribly sophisticated, it was good enough—barely. The U.S. trailed Sweden 2-1 going into the last minute of the game. Coach Brooks pulled out Goalie Jim Craig and attacked with six men. They were aided in planning their strategy by a typical example of Yankee know-how: armed with a walkie-talkie, an aide was up in the stands, radioing weaknesses he spotted in the Swedish defense to an assistant coach, who was on the bench with Brooks. With only 27 sec. to play, Bill Baker drilled home a 55-ft. slapshot to tie the game.



Heiden slingshotting round the turn and driving to win in the 500

Eric's golden salute

It was on Friday night that the Uncertainty Principle hit Tai Babilonia, 19, and Randy Gardner, 21, the world champions in the graceful art of pairs figure skating. Not only were the Americans still getting better, still adding to their repertoire of lifts and leaps, but they would be competing against the Soviet Union's husband-and-wife team of Irina Rodnina, 30, and Alexander Zaitsev, 27, who had taken the Olympic gold medal in 1976 and who had won six world titles. Last year, when Randy and Tai won the world championship, the Soviets were not competing: Irina was having a child. The Russians too had added

Olympics

new moves to their traditional routines to try to match the young Americans' dazzle. It promised to be a classic encounter: the veterans against the newcomers, the Soviets' grandiose style against the fire and flash of the Americans.

When Tai and Randy skated out onto the ice Friday night with the other pairs for their warmups prior to the pairs short-program competition, the crowd gave a pleasant stir of anticipation. The U.S. pair struck a pose, glided around the rink and then went into a sit-spin. Randy fell out of it. He got up and brushed off the ice. They skated over to Coach John Nicks, talked anxiously, came back and tried the sit-spin again. This time, Randy stayed up, but he had to put a hand down to keep from tumbling.

Another hurried conference with Nicks, then around the ice, building speed for the lift that would be required in the short program. But Randy did not hoist Tai high above him. The best he could do was press his partner to the height of his head, then set her abruptly down again—a maneuver that was quick and forced and terribly ragged. Randy's face was drawn. Once more they talked with Nicks, then skated out to try a double axel. Three times they attempted the move, and three times Randy fell. The crowd watched in murmurous disbelief: Gardner does a double axel as easily as a man walks through a revolving door. He had not fallen out of a double axel in practice or competition in four years. A shock of bewilderment and concern passed through the arena. For two weeks, the pair and their coaches had harbored their secret: during a practice session in Los Angeles, Randy had pulled a muscle high in his left thigh. The injury slowly improved, but 48 hours before the Olympic short program, he had hurt his leg again and, in addition, injured the flexor muscles in the front part of the groin, impairing his ability to lift his legs. Randy and his doctor tried to repair the damage with physical therapy, ice, compression and a local anesthetic, Xylocaine. Nothing worked. Nicks said later: "He'd been trying hard for many days. In my opinion, he couldn't perform, and more importantly, the lift he would have performed would have been a great danger to his partner. That was what concerned us more than anything else." At last the loudspeaker at Lake Placid announced the inevitable: "Ladies and gentlemen, the U.S. pair is unable to compete at this time because of an injury." At the edge of the Adirondack rink, the American skaters' ambitious dreams combusted sadly. Tai cried as she left the ice. Said Tai: It was a nightmare." Said Randy: "I felt nothing. I just couldn't believe it was all happening."

Dejected Tai

The excitement—and pathos—of the athletic events happily overshadowed another Olympic theme: the fate of the Summer Games scheduled this year for Moscow. The International Olympic Committee, meeting at Lake Placid, last week rejected the U.S. Olympic Committee's proposal that the Moscow Games be canceled, postponed or moved to another site. To present the U.S. position, President Carter had sent Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to Lake Placid. Vance told the I.O.C. "We will oppose the participation of an American team in any Olympic Games in the capital of an invading nation." But Vance's tough talk drew more anger than applause. Ireland's Lord Killanin, I.O.C. president, said the Games "must be held in Moscow as planned," though he later clouded his position some-

Finished Before They Began

It was the most moving moment of the Games. Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner glided out to warm up for the pairs figure skating —and what they knew would happen did. In the second of his five spills *(sequence at left)*, Randy lurches out of control, falls and spins, while Tai briefly maintains her elegant poise.

what by adding, "We're keeping our options open."

Publicly or privately, 30 nations now support Carter, including Britain, Japan, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. West Germany and a score more are leaning toward the U.S. position. Said Douglas Hurd, Minister of State at the British Foreign Office: "The I.O.C. is not living in the real world."

But all that lies far ahead, and attention remained focused last week not on the geopolitical aspects of sport, but on the accomplishments of remarkably gifted athletes. The Winter Games maintained a marvelous level of tension, at times exhilarating, at times poignant. The plot seemed only to improve as the competition went on. And at week's end any number of stimulating questions were still to be answered. Can the bumptiously wholesome American hockey players summon up the old college try and keep on winning? Can America's Linda Fratianne capture the figure-skating gold medal? Can America's stylish Charlie Tickner possibly triumph in the men's figure skating against Britain's brilliant Robin Cousins. East Germany's exact Jan Hoffmann and the Soviet Union's unyielding Vladimir Kovalev? Will Ingemar Stenmark, the matchless Swedish craftsman, take the two slaloms that so surprisingly eluded him at Innsbruck in 1976? Can Lake Placid really bring it off? Will the buses ever arrive on time? As the British sporting phrase so aptly puts it: "Play on." ■

Bring Your Own Balloon

"Winter is icummen in," Ezra Pound wrote. "Lhude sing Goddamm." And he bemoaned the season: "Skiddeth bus and sloppeth us." Exhorted Pound: "Sing goddamm, sing goddamm, DAMM."

So sing, Ethel, because we've been standing here freezing for two hours. Thus ran the mood after the opening pieties of this somewhat dreamily organized chilblain derby, when those in the audience who had not thoughtfully arranged to travel by hot-air balloon had to foot it through the slush for the three miles back to town. Eight marchers were treated at the hospital for frostbite. The bus system had broken down earlier in the week because of a labor dispute, but now, after several days of practice, it was breaking down spontaneously, without need of a labor dispute. The hot-air balloons, on the other hand, worked just fine; they bobbed overhead, all brave and fine and directionless, as Lord Killanin spoke wistfully in praise of peace.

The buses turned balky again that very night, after the first run of the luge, leaving hundreds of people standing on the pavement with cold water seeping into their shoes. The trouble is that Americans would sooner take hookworm medicine than a bus. The fact is that the buses know they are despised, and in their resentment they simply would not stop.

There are many bus-taking nations represented here—Austria, for example, where buses are contented and well behaved—but the Olympic delegations from these nations are made up of big shots who ride in limousines in their homelands, and they no longer know how to smile at a bus that has lowered its ears, pat its flank, and get it to open its doors. No one is quite sure where the buses go when they are not sulkily picking up people at the luge run, but there is no doubt that the ban on private cars has cleared the streets of traffic. State troopers standing in the intersections kick pebbles and talk about their vacations. What is in some question is whether the war between the buses and the people may also have cleared the Games of a good many spectators.

Crowds at the venues have been sparse to medium ("venue" in ordinary English is something you try to change if you face a richly deserved conviction in a court case, but in Olympspeak it is a place where an athletic contest is held). Even the men's downhill, generally thought to be the most grandly lunatic of the Winter Games, drew less than a swarm. At the men's 30-km cross-country venue, the American spectators would have fit around a poker table or

PAT GARDNER

Ticket holders at bus staging area

two. (Some 400 people rocked from one cold foot to the other, but most were Norwegian or Finnish officials.)

For all the occasional rough spots, a U.S. visitor to the Olympics can take a measure of pride in what is going on at Lake Placid. The soft, fine old mountains that surround the town have a North American hugeness to their breadth, if not to their height. The people of the Adirondacks, who are doing the work, an occasional hustler aside, are decent and friendly, and they have a wry humor about the vast self-promotion in which they are engaged. "Be one of the lucky 75,000 people to own a copy," says a young program seller who is not doing well. He makes a long, sad face, and no one who sees his humor can mistake his nationality: he's an American. At the visitor's ramshackle motel, a venerable roadhouse reactivated for the Olympics after some seasons of dormancy, the hot water is intermittent, baggage vanishes, and an unforeseen Dutch journalist settles determinedly on the spare bed during a period of fuddlement. In the morning, despite promises, the restaurant is not open for breakfast. But wait, all is not lost! "Try upstairs," says the bartender of the night before, blinking and yawning. There the help is eating breakfast. And the visitor gets orange juice, French toast, a passable omelet, and coffee and all, in this land of grotesque overcharge, for no charge at all.

The world of winter sports is not very large, despite all the flags that were raised at the opening ceremonies here, and for most of those on hand the Olympiad is a series of meetings and reunions. Probably that is why the Games survive; the athletes and officials and journalists like them. I set out to find a couple of friends I know to be here, and fail utterly; confusion triumphs. Then at Mount Van Hoevenberg, I run into an athlete from my home town, Biathlon Specialist Don Nielsen. He is a tight-bodied, strong-minded man of 28, happily obsessed by a sport not much honored or understood. "Listen," he says. We are standing at the entrance to the field where the Biathletes practice their curious combination of cross-country and riflery. A tinkling sound is coming from the rifle pits. "Glass targets," explains Nielsen. "Come watch; you'll love it."

And at Austria's hospitality house there is Karl Schranz, whose forlorn ghost had stalked the battlements at the men's downhill. The Austrians loved to call him "the Lion of St. Anton." Some lion. Years ago, before the '60 Olympics, I had asked how he, as a veteran racer, helped the younger Austrian skiers. "It is necessary to beat them down to show them who is best," the lion said then. Now I ask whether competitive tensions are upsetting the Austrian downhillers. "I was a member of the team for 17 years, and there was no friendship there," says Schranz. "Never." He sits back, sipping his beer, a man secure among his friends. — *John Skow*

In Afghanistan's Kunar province, former government soldiers carry a rocket launcher and mortar, and insurgents man obsolete antiaircraft gun

AFGHANISTAN

Moscow's Murky Morass

Political troubles, rebel resistance and a China connection

"If you assume that the Soviets thought they would improve their situation by invading, then they have miscalculated." So said a State Department analyst last week, commenting on the murky troubles that Moscow may be facing in Afghanistan. Some of the estimated 90,000 Soviet troops in the country fought a fierce skirmish with defecting units of the Afghan army; others were apparently killed or wounded by rebel snipers, not only in the mountain passes but also reportedly in Kabul and other cities. There were unconfirmed rumors from the Afghan capital of widespread looting by Soviet troops, and even of gunfights involving Cabinet members in the government of national unity named by the U.S.S.R.'s puppet strongman, Babrak Karmal. The wildest story was that Karmal had been deposed in favor of former Secret Police Chief Assadullah Sarwari, a hard-line Stalinist.

Even if he still held office, Karmal's position was less than secure. His official photographs have been removed from government offices and public squares, and he has not been seen publicly for the past two weeks. Late last month a surprisingly strong criticism of Karmal's attempts to form a broader political base appeared in the Kabul *New Times*, a government-run English-language daily. Karmal, who is believed to have ties among both the deposed royal family and the frontier tribes, had included non-Marxists in his government. Knowing that many of the Cabinet members were bitter political enemies, some Western observers in Kabul concluded that the mix was probably unworkable. "Karmal's dilemma is unique," said a diplomat at the time. "To win the people's trust he must distance himself from Moscow. But such a move would be political suicide. The Russians would not stand for it."

Indeed they would not, especially since they had hand-picked Karmal to rule Afghanistan after the overthrow and execution of Hafizullah Amin last December. Karmal did seem to be losing control of events. Early last week, diplomats living near the People's Palace in Kabul heard bursts of machine-gun fire coming from inside the building. This led to speculation that a quarrel had erupted among rival members of the Politburo and had ended in a gunfight. Lending credence to that theory was an official Afghan news agency report a couple of days later that said that Deputy Premier Sultan Ali Kishtmand, a bitter opponent of Sarwari, had been flown to Moscow for emergency medical treatment.

Armed with AK-47, a rebel keeps watch

The enemy had tanks and napalm.

If things were hardly serene on the political front, the Soviets could not derive much comfort from their military position either. Defense analysts in Washington said last week that it appeared that the Soviets were preparing for a spring offensive against the rebels and were continuing to build up their forces by massive airlifts. Some counterinsurgency specialists believe that Moscow will have to put a total of 120,000 to 200,000 troops into Afghanistan if it is to put down the rebellion. The Soviet forces, by and large, appear to control the larger cities and communications routes in the country, but they still encounter occasional heavy rebel attack. In one bitter battle last week, Soviet tanks and at least one MiG-23 fighter fought a rebellious Afghan army unit near Kabul. Witnesses said that the MiG dropped what appeared to be napalm incendiary bombs on the rebels.

Against this gloomy backdrop, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko flew to India last week to explain Moscow's reasons for the intervention, and to keep its relationship with New Delhi in good repair. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had previously expressed her guarded disapproval of the Soviet action; she had hoped to use her persua-

sive powers to bring about a speedy Soviet withdrawal. By the end of the three-day visit, though, Mrs. Gandhi had failed to obtain assurances of an immediate Soviet removal. There were reports, however, that Soviet diplomats at the United Nations and elsewhere had privately pledged that Moscow would remove its troops when Afghanistan's border with Pakistan is "stabilized."

The Prime Minister told Gromyko that such a withdrawal was necessary in order to relax tensions in the subcontinent. New Delhi has been alarmed by both the heightened big-power rivalry and the prospect of a new arms buildup in the area. India is particularly concerned about renewed U.S. military aid to Pakistan; New Delhi has pointed out to Washington, for example, that the vast majority of Islamabad's forces are on Pakistan's frontier with India and not on the border with Afghanistan. In hopes of negotiating a Soviet pullout from the country, Mrs. Gandhi has tried to coordinate a regional diplomatic response, involving Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and Nepal as well as India.

Gromyko insisted that the Soviets were invited to enter Afghanistan under the terms of a friendship treaty with Kabul. He also castigated the U.S. and China for "intrigues directed at turning Pakistan into a seat of tensions and a base for further aggression against Afghanistan. If Pakistan proceeds along this path," he warned, "it will gain nothing good and will undermine its position as an independent state."

Gromyko's warning about interference by Peking and Washington gave credence to the theory that one factor in the Kremlin's Afghan adventurism may well have been its longstanding paranoia about China and its fears of a new U.S.-China axis. According to one knowledgeable Asian diplomat, Chinese arms aid for the Muslim rebels significantly increased after Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping's visit to Washington in January 1979. And help from other sources seems to be on the way. Last week Egyptian Defense Minister Lieut. General Kamal Hassan Ali admitted that his country was arming and training Afghan rebels. A senior White House official also confirmed that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency has been providing light infantry weapons—most of Soviet design and presumably bought in third countries—to the Afghan insurgents via Pakistan since mid-January.

Quite clearly, though, a possible China connection for the Afghan rebels is the one that most bothers the Kremlin. In talks with French National Assembly President Jacques Chaban-Delmas in Moscow last month, President Leonid Brezhnev bearishly declared that the Soviets would not hesitate to launch a preemptive strike against Chinese missile-launching facilities—if the U.S. ever helped the People's Republic build up its strategic arsenal. ■

MIDDLE EAST

Syria Tries a Shock Treatment

The truce is threatened by reduction of a policeman's role

The crackle of gunfire and mortars has long been a normal sound of life in war-scarred Lebanon, where rival Palestinians, Muslim leftists and Christian Phalangists warily coexist under the watchful eyes of 30,000 Syrian peacekeeping troops. Last week the tenuous three-year-old truce in Lebanon was once again broken by sporadic fighting after Syria announced that it would soon reduce its policeman's role in Beirut. At the same time, the Damascus government said that it would move some of its Beirut-based forces into the Bekaa Valley in eastern Lebanon to buttress Syria's own defense lines against a possible Israeli attack. The announcement sent shock waves throughout the Middle East—and nowhere more than in Israel, which nervously worried about renewed Arab-Jewish tensions in the occupied West Bank.

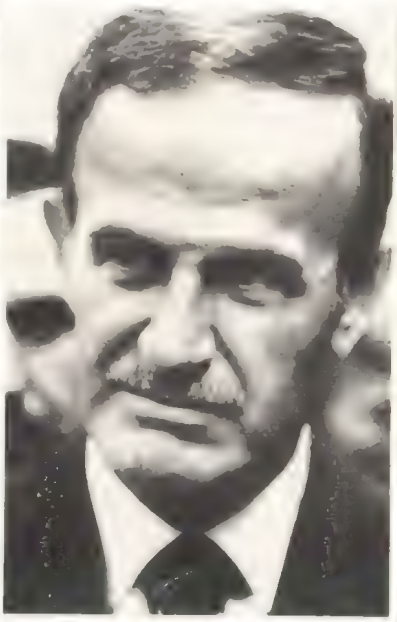
Syria's action was prompted by a variety of motives. Government officials said that they were trying to use "shock treatment" to force Lebanese President Elias Sarkis to bring the country's rival political factions together. Damascus is also tired of having a client state that refuses to behave like one. Lebanon ignored Syrian advice and attended the Islamic conference in Pakistan last month. Moreover, despite Syrian advice to the contrary, the 22,000-man Lebanese army has been rebuilt along sectarian lines; 90% of its officers are Christian (mostly right-wing Phalangist), whereas 80% of its enlisted men are Muslim. Complained Syria's Premier Abdel Raouf Kasm to TIME Correspondent William Drozdiak: "Nothing has been done in four years to achieve national entente or to extend the authority of the legal government throughout the country. Our decision to withdraw is final and irrevocable."

Western diplomats in Damascus believe that the Syrians are also trying to jolt the Palestine Liberation Organization into adhering more closely to the Damascus line. After P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat visited Iraq and Saudi Arabia recently without clearing his business with Syria, he was summoned to Damascus by President Hafez Assad, who warned the Palestinian leader not to get "too far out in front" of Syrian policies.

Assad and his colleagues argue that Arabs, despite their concern over the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, must remember that the Israelis are their real enemies. Says Information Minister Ahmad Iskandar Ahmad: "Our battle is here, not in Kabul. We have no desire to be a toy in the American game of trying to use the Islamic resurgence against the Soviet Union."

The truth, however, is that Syria is being pushed farther into the Soviet camp than President Assad thinks prudent. Though Syria seems eager to turn toward the West to develop its trade and agriculture, Assad is restrained by his adamant opposition to the Camp David accords and by his dependence on Soviet military supplies. For a variety of reasons, Syria has rarely been so isolated within the Arab world as it is today. Thus another reason for Assad's troop decision was to remind other Arabs and the world at large that Damascus still holds the match to Lebanon, potentially the most dangerous fuse in the Middle East.

Practically everybody was alarmed. Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, who was also concerned because Palestinian forces in Lebanon have recently received



Syrian President Hafez Assad

The decision was final and irrevocable.

60 Soviet-made T-34 tanks of post–World War II vintage, vowed that Israel was prepared to come to the aid of Lebanese Christians, not merely in the south but also in Beirut and in the north. Lebanese leaders, including Premier Selim Hoss, rushed to Damascus to plead for a delay in the Syrian withdrawal. Saudi Arabia and other oil-producing states offered to raise the stipend of $50 million per month that they are currently paying Syria for keeping its forces in Lebanon.

Obviously the Syrians have a stake in maintaining some kind of stability in Lebanon. They still dream of establishing a customs union and a common foreign and defense policy with their small Mediterranean neighbor. But for the moment, their shock treatment is likely to continue. As Information Minister Iskandar warned, "Nobody can help the Lebanese if they don't help themselves." ■

SOMALIA

War in a Barren Wasteland

The Ogaden rebels fight on against Moscow's Ethiopian allies

In a small but calculated display of muscle flexing, Washington let it be known last week that an 1,800-man Marine amphibious unit would soon be dispatched to the Arabian Sea for military exercises, probably in conjunction with the 21 U.S. Navy ships patrolling the Indian Ocean. At the same time, the Carter Administration disclosed that the U.S., in exchange for an undetermined amount of aid, had obtained tentative rights to use air and naval facilities in three countries along the Asian-African "crescent of crisis": Oman, Kenya and Somalia.

One of those bases will presumably be the huge Soviet-built naval installation at Berbera on the Gulf of Aden, about 625 miles north of the Somali capital of Mogadishu. In 1977 Somalia's mercurial President Mohamed Siad Barre threw

Abdullahi Hassan Mohamoud of W.S.L.F.

"The Soviets are the oppressors."

out several thousand of Moscow's advisers after the Kremlin opted for neighboring Ethiopia as its principal client on the Horn of Africa. Ironically, the problem that broke up the Soviet-Somali alliance could also inhibit the budding military cooperation between Washington and Mogadishu. That issue is Somalia's continued support for the Western Somali Liberation Front (W.S.L.F.), which since the mid-1960s has been fighting a slow-motion guerrilla war to free the Ogaden region of eastern Ethiopia from the "black colonial regime" in Addis Ababa.

The Somalis claim that they are no longer supporting the W.S.L.F. insurrection, which is opposed by most African states because it violates a basic principle of diplomacy on the continent: namely, that national borders, even though drawn arbitrarily by European colonial powers, must remain sacrosanct. In fact, Somalia's protestations of noninvolvement are not quite accurate, as TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief Jack White discovered on a trip to the Ogaden area last week. His report:

As our four-wheel-drive Toyota bucked and rattled over a rutted road, past a desolate landscape of brick red clay and wind-sculpted termite hills, it was hard to imagine how anyone could live in this

barren wasteland. Even tough acacia trees wither and die in the unceasing glare of the Ogaden's hostile sun. Suddenly the car rumbled to a stop. "Look over there," said the guide, Mohamed Heeban, gesturing toward a clump of thornbushes along the bank of a dried-up stream. "That is Karraro, the city under the trees."

Inside the thicket stood two rows of *dasoyils*, the dome-shaped folding huts used by wandering Ogaden herdsmen. There were two shops stocked with canned goods, boxes of spaghetti and bolts of cloth, a café where men sat drinking cups of steaming spiced tea laced with sour camel milk, a stall where a cobbler took orders for made-to-measure goatskin sandals. Camels groaned in protest as their owners loaded them up with sacks of rice, flour and sugar; the sounds blended unevenly with the bleat of goats and sheep grazing on the scrubby vegetation of a nearby field.

Karraro is an armed camp, almost devoid of children, women and the elderly. They were sent away to relief camps in Somalia last fall, after Ethiopian jets bombed and strafed the settlement, killing scores of people and hundreds of animals. Only about 300 of the settlement's 3,000 original residents remain, tending the livestock and carrying on the war against the Ethiopians and their Cuban and Soviet allies. "This is a town of warriors," said a grim-faced herdsman who, like almost every other man in town, had an AK-47 assault rifle slung over his shoulder. "If I had the power, I would wipe the Ethiopians off the face of the earth."

Officers of the W.S.L.F. boast that they control 80% of the Ogaden; they also concede that they have no hope of driving the Soviet-commanded force of 60,000 Ethiopian militiamen, supported by 6,000 Cuban soldiers, from their strongholds in Jijiga, Harar and Dire Dawa. "It is a stalemate," says Hussein Mohamed Nur, the slender commander of the liberation army in the region near Karraro. "They control the big towns, and we control everything else. They never come out unless it is in a big convoy with tanks and armored cars. Then we attack them and destroy many vehicles. On the other hand, we are not strong enough to take the garrisons. They have tanks, planes and heavy artillery. All we have is the people."

Ogaden child in Somali refugee camp

Aid has been slow in coming.

Somalia has paid a heavy price for its support of the rebels. Although it no longer sends its army into the Ogaden to fight alongside the W.S.L.F., Somalia allows the guerrillas to train at a camp near Hargeisa, permits occasional arms shipments from friendly Arab countries to be delivered at its ports, and cares for the liberation front's wounded in government hospitals. It has also provided refuge for some 540,000 displaced Ogadenians, who may become permanent wards of Somalia if the fighting does not stop. "Because of the sheer numbers involved, the only place for these people to go is back home."

says Steffan Bodemar, director of the United Nations relief effort. "You cannot re-create their nomadic life-style inside Somalia, because there is not enough land. On the other hand, the government lacks sufficient resources for a viable resettlement program."

Somalia is one of the world's poorest nations. Western diplomats consider the Mogadishu government's relief campaign to be well intentioned, but it is hampered somewhat by bureaucratic bungling and low-level corruption. Moreover, international aid for the refugees has been slow in coming. The result is a severe shortage of food and medicine. At Agabar, a sprawling relief camp housing 44,000 people, a huge field was cleared on which camp farmers could grow vegetables and other crops. The project has come to a standstill for lack of a few feet of pipe to carry water for irrigation from a nearby stream. Malaria is rampant because camp officials have been unable to persuade the inmates to fill in the water holes they dig in an adjacent stream bed; the puddles are perfect breeding spots for disease-carrying mosquitoes.

The Somalis argue that the Ethiopians want to drive the nomads out of the Ogaden and replace them with more tractable, farming people, who could be resettled on the narrow fertile strips along the Juba and Shebele rivers. "The Soviets pretend to be friendly to the Third World, but here, in Afghanistan, and other places, they are the oppressors of colonized people," says Abdullahi Hassan Mohamoud, secretary-general of the W.S.L.F. "If the U.S. helps us to counter Soviet aggression, it will have most of the world on its side." In recent months, he claims, American envoys in Mogadishu have begun to meet discreetly with W.S.L.F. leaders. "There has been no great change in what they say, but the fact that we are talking to them at all is a great achievement for us."

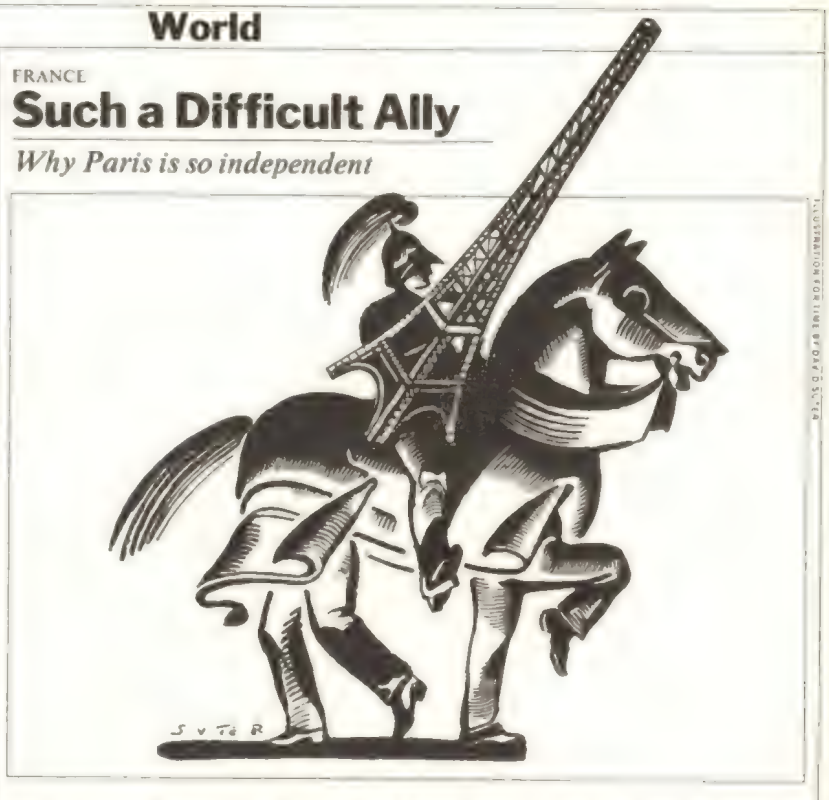
Judging from the warm reception that American visitors receive, the Somali public would welcome a formal military cooperation agreement. Now that the Soviets are gone, many of the harsher vestiges of the police state, like the thugs who used to tail every foreign visitor, have disappeared.

Nevertheless, there is a huge obstacle to close ties with the U.S.: Somali pride. It was badly damaged by the ignominious defeat the army suffered in the Ogaden two years ago, and President Siad Barre was angry that Washington did not respond immediately with help after he threw out the Soviets. "The thing you must remember in dealing with Somalis is that they are a warrior race that sprang from one of the harshest environments on earth," says a Western diplomat. "Nobody is going to come in here and tell them what to do." If the price of U.S. aid is forgoing the chance to get revenge in the Ogaden, the Somalis may decide that the cost is too high. ■

FRANCE

Such a Difficult Ally

Why Paris is so independent



To Americans—and indeed to many Europeans—the reaction was irritatingly familiar. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt issued a joint statement strongly condemning the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Three days later, Paris abruptly declared that it would not be represented at a German-sponsored meeting of Western European foreign ministers with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance in Bonn. Once again, France stood out as seemingly arrogant and as the ally least disposed to back Washington in an international crisis.

The French attitude revived memories of President Charles de Gaulle's haughty 1966 decision to pull French troops out of NATO's integrated military command, and his persistent exclusion of Britain from the European Community. Why is it that France so often emerges as a difficult partner for the U.S. and NATO? TIME Paris Bureau Chief Henry Muller offers this analysis:

French diplomats take umbrage at accusations that they are soft on the Soviets. France, they point out, voted for the United Nations General Assembly resolution condemning the Afghanistan invasion. True, France has not followed the U.S. lead in imposing economic sanctions—though it pledged, along with other Community members, not to take advantage of opportunities created by the American grain embargo—nor has it backed the boycott of the Moscow Summer Olympics. The French explain that this is not because they disagree with the Carter Administration's actions but rather because European nations should use tactics better suited to them. "The West's diversity is its strength," says one Paris diplomat.

Beyond that, spokesmen for Giscard argue that France has followed a steadier course than the U.S. in its relations with the Soviet Union. They accuse the Carter Administration of vacillation and sending out conflicting signals—ranging from its early emphasis on human rights to last fall's "mini-crisis" over Soviet troops in Cuba. No wonder, in the view of Paris, the Soviets got the impression that they could ride roughshod over the West. The French feel that Washington does not fully appreciate their efforts in seeking to contain Moscow-inspired expansionism in Africa, a role that has earned them the sobriquet "the West's Cubans." In Chad, Mauritania, Zaïre and, last month in Tunisia, the French moved quickly to give military support to governments that were threatened by externally sponsored subversion.

Nonetheless, many Frenchmen have criticized President Giscard for being painfully slow to respond to events in Afghanistan. His first reaction, mumbled at a New Year's party for French reporters, was that the Soviet move may not have been "premeditated." Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet later tried to justify the equivocal French response by noting (incorrectly) that "France buys more oil from the Soviet Union than from Iran." Even the Giscard-Schmidt communiqué appeared indecisive to some. "It says to the Soviets, 'The next time you pull an Afghanistan you will

be punished,' " complained Professor Alfred Grosser of the Institut d'Etudes Politiques. "That is the action of a weak parent."

Giscard's approach is a legacy of De Gaulle's efforts to devise an independent foreign policy that would give France a leading role to play on the world's diplomatic stage. As the proud fathers of détente—the concept, they say, was born during De Gaulle's 1966 state visit to Moscow when he declared that "the cold war period must be ended" —the French claim they have a particular responsibility to keep East-West tensions low. Western Europe is more vulnerable than the U.S.; the Soviet Union is hundreds, not thousands, of miles away. The French also have an economic stake in détente: last year trade between the two nations amounted to $3.7 billion. Yet too often France's search for independence translates as paranoia about seeming to take orders from Washington.

The French argue that their approach will produce better results than the hardline American stance. Insists one Paris official: "By imposing sanctions you've lost whatever leverage you had. You've written off Afghanistan, whereas we believe there's still a chance of getting the troops out." French diplomats feel that a modulated approach is necessary to keep the Third World out of Moscow's camp. Says one: "If you try to drag them into a strategy of tension, you'll get half of them on your side and the other half will tip the other way, thereby eliminating Moscow's diplomatic isolation."

Domestic political considerations play a part in Giscard's cautious attitude; he will be up for re-election in May 1981. Wary of accusations from his conservative rival, Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, that he has abandoned the Gaullist tenets of independence in foreign policy, the President seemingly bends over backward to avoid leaving opponents any room for maneuvering. Such prudence may be excessive. The continued split between France's Communists and socialists, which was aggravated by Party Boss Georges Marchais's overt support for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, makes Giscard perhaps the most comfortably ensconced political leader in the West.

The latest American-French rift, sadly enough, reopened old wounds that appeared to be healing. In contrast to his predecessors, Giscard has made a conscientious effort to defuse tensions between Paris and Washington. He has, for example, been far less critical of Carter's economic policies than Schmidt. French military officials now work more closely with their NATO counterparts than they have in years. The U.S. and France have also smoothly coordinated their efforts in Africa. American planes carried the French troops that helped put down the rebellion in Zaïre's Shaba province in 1978. The trouble is, De Gaulle made the U.S. far more sensitive to criticism from France than from, say, West Germany. "It's too bad," says one American diplomat who knows Paris well. "We can use French advice, but this constant kibitzing just undermines their own influence on our policymaking." ■

The Potemkin Factory

Illustration for TIME by Michael C. Witte

When the Sivesk Tractor Engine Repair Plant on the outskirts of Leningrad was formally inaugurated last February, it was heralded by government economic planners as one of the Soviet Union's finest industrial achievements. N.V. Bosenko, chairman of the State Committee for Agricultural Technology of the Russian Republic, lavished praise on the executive responsible for the plant's construction. A year after the factory was officially in operation, *Pravda* called the plant "a thing of beauty, the largest in the industry, meeting the needs of all the collective and state farms of the Northwest." Raved the party newspaper: "Just look at the blueprints! You will see an industrial miracle."

Well, not quite. *Pravda* had sent Correspondent Ilya Shatunovsky to see the miracle in action. What he actually found was a dilapidated fence guarded by an elderly watchman armed with an antique rifle. Peering through holes in the fence, Shatunovsky glimpsed a wasteland: "Some bare scaffolding standing amid broken bricks and lumps of dry cement." Where was the factory? The answer: there wasn't any.

Pravda's cautionary tale, headlined "The Factory That Wasn't," was one of the newspaper's occasional exposés of individual wrongdoing designed to explain why Soviet central planners are unable to meet their goals. In the case of the factory that wasn't, Russians were inevitably reminded of the ruse employed by the 18th century courtier Grigori Potemkin, who erected false fronts on poverty-stricken villages in order to persuade Empress Catherine the Great that her realm was truly prosperous.

How had the cover-up been worked? According to *Pravda*, construction of the factory began in 1974, but the builders did a poor job, and by the time the scheduled date for completion came around, construction funds had run out. Rather than admit failure, A.V. Prokhorovich, the deputy chairman of the State Committee for Agricultural Technology, appointed a commission to certify that the plant had been duly completed, although, as *Pravda* pointed out, "joyful birdies were already building their nests in the unfinished buildings." Commission members who proved reluctant to sign a formal statement of completion were fired or bypassed. After officials in Moscow approved the statement—without conducting an on-site inspection—Prokhorovich and his cronies, according to *Pravda*, "continued to include the nonexistent plant in their statistical reports, signed false assignments and wrote off sizable losses."

After the fraud was exposed, by workers who tipped off state inspectors, some signers of the completion statement said that they had been pressured to do so. A Leningrad trade union official, N.S. Timoshin, said he knew construction had not been completed, "but the deputy chairman of the commission very much wanted me to sign the statement." Others claimed that their signatures had been forged. Fire Inspector A.V. Vakhi offered an impeccably logical explanation for why he signed the completion document: "Since there was no factory, there was nothing there that could catch fire."

As a result of the *Pravda* exposé, Prokhorovich has been "severely reprimanded" and some of his colleagues have been fired. Meanwhile, the only real tractor repair plant in the Leningrad region had been closed down in anticipation of more efficient production by the new factory. As a result, all farms in the 33,200-sq.-mi. area will be without tractor repair facilities for the foreseeable future.

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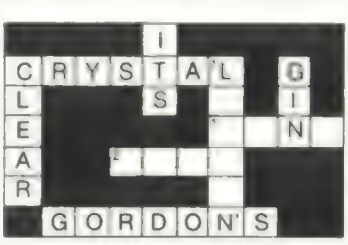

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And Now It Is Pond Power

Salty pools may soon provide some cheap energy

On a clear, still night last December, Israeli scientists and energy officials gathered in the tiny desert community of Ein Bokek near the southern shore of the Dead Sea. At the command of the Energy Minister, a switch was thrown and a battery of floodlights suddenly blazed in the darkness, casting an eerie bluish glow over the nearby hills. As onlookers cheered, one dazzled scientist exulted: "We have hit the skeptics pretty hard."

What was remarkable about the event —and what confounded the skeptics —was the fact that the electricity for the lights was generated not by a conventional or nuclear power plant, but by a shallow, briny pool of water—a solar pond. Easy to create, using existing technology, and apparently harmless to the environment, these ponds may be one of the brightest ideas yet for tapping the sun's radiation as an energy source.

Unlike some other solar energy schemes, the ponds can operate year round, on cloudy days as well as sunny ones, even at night. They are also cheap, consisting essentially of a sheltered, shallow body of salt water that acts as a solar collector, plus a heat-exchanging system and turbogenerator. The pond's operating principle is simple. When sunlight strikes a fresh-water pond, it heats the water and stirs up convection currents; cooler water sinks to the bottom while warmer water rises to the surface, where its heat quickly escapes into the atmosphere. In a solar pond, these currents are suppressed by dissolving salt near the bottom of the pond. That creates a layer of denser, heavier water that resists rising to the top even when it is heated by solar rays penetrating the pond. The lighter layer of water at the surface helps to contain the heat below by acting as an insulator. Since very little heat escapes, the temperature at the bottom of the pond quickly rises—to about 80° C (176° F) at Ein Bokek.

To produce electricity, hot water is pumped out of the bottom of the pond and funneled into the coiled tubes of a heat exchanger, or evaporator, which is surrounded by a low-boiling-point liquid similar to that used in refrigerators. The water's heat turns the liquid into a pressurized vapor, which is directed against the blades of a turbine designed to operate on such low-temperature gases. As the turbine spins, it drives an alternator, which produces an electric current. Completing the cycle, the vapor passes into another heat exchanger, or condenser, where it is rechilled (with the cooler water from the top of the pond) and changed back into a liquid. Then the liquid is returned to the evaporator to be reheated and vaporized again for another go-around. Nothing is wasted; the fluid is hermetically sealed for repeated use, and both the heating and cooling water are returned to their original layers in the pond.

Just 2.5 meters (8 ft.) deep and 7,000 square meters (70,000 sq. ft.) in area, the Ein Bokek pond produces 150 kilowatts of power. To generate more power, significantly larger ponds would be needed. Physicist Harry Tabor, chief architect of Israel's solar pond program, notes, for instance, that surfaces of large solar ponds must be crisscrossed with plastic baffles. These gridlike barriers prevent winds from churning up the water, which would mix the critical layers and diminish the pond's effectiveness as a heat collector. But Israeli officials, who hope to build a five-megawatt pond within two years, are confident that the difficulties in scaling up the ponds can be overcome. They are thinking of a whole network of solar ponds bordering the Dead Sea that could fill as much as a third of Israel's electrical needs by the end of the century. Estimated construction cost: about $2,000 per kw, about the price of some hydroelectric power plants.

The initial success of the Israeli program has awakened enthusiasm for solar ponds in the U.S. Under an agreement with Israel, a group led by Southern California Edison is planning a five-megawatt demonstration facility at the Salton Sea, in Southern California's Imperial Valley. Under Government funding, scientists will investigate other potential U.S. solar pond sites, including San Francisco Bay and Utah's Great Salt Lake. Though their estimate may be somewhat optimistic, solar pond boosters figure that the new technology could eventually meet as much as 12% of U.S. energy needs and even more in Third World countries. ■

Fleeing the Whirlwind

Though forecasters had issued warnings an hour in advance, 47 people died and hundreds of others were injured last April when a monstrous tornado demolished large sections of Wichita Falls, Texas. Curious about just how the casualties had occurred, a team of epidemiologists, most of them from the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, decided to investigate. Their study, published in *Science*, shows that 26 of the deaths and 30 of the most serious injuries occurred in motor vehicles. Most of these victims had tried to outrace the storm, many of them apparently influenced by longstanding federal guidelines that urge motorists on the open road who spot a tornado to try to escape it by driving at right angles to the path of the storm. Ironically, the homes from which nearly half of the auto victims had fled suffered little or no damage. The panel's recommendation: in case of a tornado alert, all motorists, no matter where they are driving, should leave their cars and immediately find shelter.

Car in which passenger fleeing tornado was killed lies wrecked near highway

Swords and P.L.O.-shares

Jewish-Christian tensions

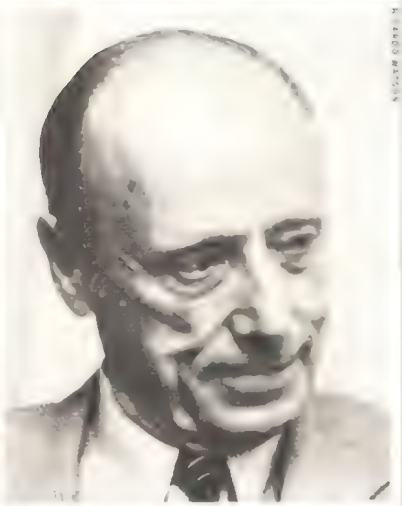
Some of America's most powerful Protestant leaders sat in a nondescript room in Washington last week, listening to witnesses testify on the Israeli-Palestine dispute. The atmosphere was calm, but the charges swirling around the work of this extraordinary Middle East Panel of the National Council of Churches (N.C.C.) are not. Sixteen national Jewish organizations that were invited to testify boycotted the Washington session and previous hearings, publicly accusing the N.C.C. panel of an anti-Israel bias.

The dispute is as convoluted as the Middle East situation. The major issue, however, is possible American recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization (P.L.O.) as the sole, legitimate representative of the Palestinians. The N.C.C. will infuriate American Jews, and exacerbate Jewish-Christian relations, if it recommends that the U.S. adopt that policy, or does so without demanding that the P.L.O. renounce terrorism and accept Israel's right to a secure existence.

The N.C.C., which includes 32 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations, is controlled by liberal-minded churchmen who, once upon a time, were lockstep allies with the Jewish organizations in domestic social-justice crusades. But there has been increasing criticism of Israel from Protestants sympathetic to the Third World, where most regimes support the "Zionism equals racism" formula. The N.C.C. is influenced as well by U.S. churches with links to Protestant and Orthodox Arabs in the Middle East.

The split became more obvious last August when Andrew Young, a clergyman and onetime N.C.C. staff member, resigned as Ambassador to the United Nations. The N.C.C. executive committee declared its "fundamental agreement" with Young's opposition to the "no-talk policy" (the refusal of Israel and the U.S. to deal directly with the P.L.O.). The N.C.C. also set up the Middle East Panel, which includes the heads of six denominations. Then a nationwide rally of black pastors in Detroit urged U.S. recognition of the P.L.O. after a speech by Young advocating more foreign affairs involvement by the clergy. The Syrian Orthodox Church raised temperatures further by filing several human rights charges against Israel with the N.C.C.

The Middle East Panel is headed by the Rev. Tracey K. Jones Jr., general secretary of the Board of Global Ministries of the United Methodist Church, the most important agency in the N.C.C.'s largest member body. Last October Jones' agency went on record favoring P.L.O. participation in peace talks as "the representative" of the Palestinians. But Jones conveyed an air of fair-mindedness as he steered the Washington hearings, which broke no new ground.



Middle East Panel Head Tracey Jones Jr.

Questioning the "no-talk policy."

Jones' panel hopes to arrange a meeting with Jewish spokesmen after a two-week tour of Arab nations and Israel, beginning next week. The panel will report its findings to the May meeting of the N.C.C. in Indianapolis. At that time the council will also hold its first debate on a comprehensive new policy statement on the Middle East now being prepared by a separate committee. Though it is unclear what stand the N.C.C. will take, its officials are trying to sound conciliatory. Says Jones: "Relationships with our Jewish friends must be kept at the very closest level." But Rabbi James Rudin, the American Jewish Committee N.C.C. observer for eight years, feels "profound dismay" over the panel's work to date and demands that the council repudiate the P.L.O.'s "continuous, unbroken resort to terrorism, to national genocide." ■

Tidings

CATHOLIC DIVORCE?

Vatican observers think that Pope John Paul II may soon attempt a crackdown on U.S. marriage annulments, which a Roman Catholic must obtain to remarry and remain a church member in good standing. Annulments are now so widespread that they are sometimes called "Catholic divorce." In 1968 only 338 were granted in the U.S. In 1978 there were 27,670. The increase came because U.S. annulment procedure has been streamlined, and the grounds—once limited to such strict factors as force, fraud, bigamy or impotence—have been quietly loosened. Many diocesan court judges now accept evidence of serious psychological "immaturity" as *ex post facto* proof of a couple's inability to enter into a valid marriage. In a little-noticed speech two weeks ago to the Vatican's marriage tribunal, John Paul said that psychological theories pressed upon judges are "not always correct," and insisted that judges must reach a "moral certainty," not just a "probability," that a marriage was invalid. Continued relaxation, warned the Pope, would "allow divorce, under another name, to be tolerated"—a direct quote from a 1973 Vatican warning to the U.S. bishops.

KIDNEY MITZVAH

When Yeshiva Student Jesper Jehoshua Sloma, 23, was killed by an Arab sniper last month in Hebron on Israel's occupied West Bank, a three-doctor panel at Jerusalem's Hadassah Hospital authorized the transplant of his kidneys to save two patients. Many Israelis were incensed that one of the recipients was a twelve-year-old Arab girl wearing a Palestine Liberation Organization bracelet, but the transplant particularly offended many Orthodox Jews. To them, religious law forbids tampering with corpses in any way, either by transplants or autopsies, and last week they pursued their campaign to outlaw autopsies. The hard-liners are also infuriated at Ashkenazic Chief Rabbi Shlomo Goren, who decreed that the kidney transplant was a mitzvah (worthy deed), because it was done to prevent a death. He adds: "We're not allowed to discriminate between Jews and non-Jews in the saving of a life."

POLISH TUNNEL

Each year 5 million or 6 million pilgrims visit the Jasna Gora monastery in Poland to see the revered painting of the Black Madonna. But dozens of visitors are injured while crossing the busy road that separates the grounds from the town of Czestochowa. In addition, the government has long wanted to widen the road into an expressway. The solution: a pedestrian tunnel. But the project became another test of wills between Polish church and state. Bishop Stefan Barela complained that the underpass was a plot to cut off the monastery from the town and to "strike a blow at the cult of the Madonna." The tunnel, 30 ft. wide, was far too narrow for the throngs, he insisted, and its 8-ft. ceiling was too low for pilgrims' banners. After months of public denunciations and private meetings, the government agreed to fill in the unfinished tunnel, install traffic lights for pedestrians, and reroute the expressway behind the monastery. Apparently chagrined by this church victory, the state's news agency instructed Communist Party and military newspapers not to print the announcement. ■

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Milestones

DIED. John L. Marshall, 43, nationally known orthopedic surgeon and sports medicine specialist who served as a consultant to the U.S. Olympic ski team; in the crash of a private plane taking him to the Winter Games at Lake Placid, N.Y.

DIED. David Janssen, 48, craggily handsome actor who played tough, terse, but vulnerable heroes like the wrongly convicted doctor who pursued his wife's killer for four years in the ABC-TV hit series *The Fugitive;* of a heart attack; in Malibu, Calif.

DIED. Muriel Rukeyser, 66, American poet of social protest; of a heart attack; in New York City. After dropping out of Vassar in 1932, she published a poem on the Scottsboro trial (in which nine black Alabama youths were accused of raping two white girls) that foreshadowed a concern with injustice that remained the theme of her poetry and her life. Though critics complained that her "message became more important to her than [its] expression," when her *Collected Poems* appeared in 1978 they also praised her devotion to the dissident muse named in her first book, *Theory of Flight* (1935), as "Not Sappho, Sacco./ Rebellion pioneered among our lives."

DIED. Samuel Berger, 68, laconic career diplomat; of cancer; in Washington, D.C. As U.S. Ambassador to South Korea (1961-64), "Silent Sam" failed in his efforts to persuade Seoul's military regime to establish democratic institutions, but succeeded spectacularly in helping to lay the groundwork for the country's industrial boom. As deputy to Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker in South Viet Nam (1968-72), he administered a policy he described as "one of buying as much time as we could" after the U.S. had abandoned its doomed attempt "to win the war with money and people instead of brains."

DIED. Yakov Malik, 73, dapper, irascible Soviet diplomat who twice served as Moscow's United Nations delegate; in Moscow. He is chiefly remembered, at least in the West, for boycotting the Security Council to protest its refusal in 1950 to recognize Communist China; this helped clear the way for the U.N. to assist South Korea against the Soviet-backed North Korean invasion. A dependable apparatchik, he once told a Western diplomat: "I must obey my instructions."

DIED. A. S. Mike Monroney, 77, tall, amiable Oklahoma Democrat who in the course of a 30-year (1939-69) House and Senate career became known as Capitol Hill's "Mr. Aviation"; of a heart attack and pneumonia; in Rockville, Md. He earned the nickname because of his efforts to promote the growth of the U.S. air-travel industry, which included the introduction in 1958 of the bill that created what is now the Federal Aviation Administration.

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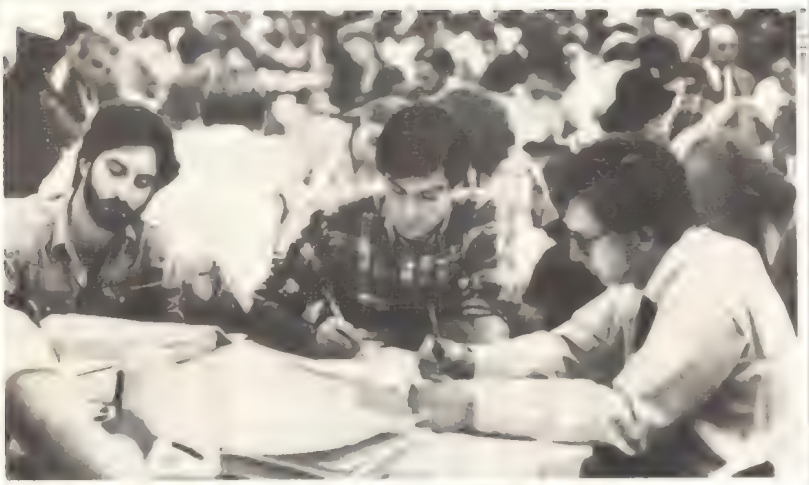

Students taking notes at a bar-review class in New York City last week

Questioning the Bar Exams

Are they any good? Why do so many students fail?

The Winter Olympics. The New Hampshire primary. For some 15,000 earnest young Americans, these rites of late February are trifling contests. What absorbs them is a two- or three-day test that they must pass if they are to practice the trade in which they have invested three years of postgraduate study and as much as $16,000 in tuition: lawyering. Nowadays, the anxiety about bar exams, which most states hold the last week in February as well as in July, is more acute than ever. Failure rates have been rising steadily, and this month more than one-third of the test takers can expect to flunk.

Though the graduates of the U.S.'s more than 200 law schools seem as brainy as ever, and 85% of them take seven-week courses designed to prep them for the bar, the national pass rate declined from 76% in 1973 to just 67% in 1978. Many of those who will take the test next week will be making their second or third attempt to pass—and to defy statistics that say that repeaters are especially likely to fail. Says Chicago Attorney Herbert J. Blum Jr.: "No one ever quits. If you have gone through three years of law school, you are just never going to give up."

Bar exam horror stories are nothing new; one Illinois exam official recalls a fellow who failed 13 times before conceding defeat ("I think he now holds some kind of job with the state"). But as the tales of woe rise with the flunk rates, state examiners are taking heat from charges that the bar is scheming to limit the new lawyers admitted to practice.

For years, critics have also argued that the test fails to measure the skills that a lawyer really needs. More recently, the exam has been indicted for discrimination against minorities. The only agreement about the test, apparently, is that it is an ordeal. In virtually all states, applicants spend six hours on one day trying to answer 200 tricky multiple-choice questions drawn up by the National Conference of Bar Examiners with the help of the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J. The applicants then write essays in response to a series of legal questions, which vary from state to state.

The hottest debate on low pass rates is going on now in New Jersey. Nearly 53% of the 1,491 people who took that state's test last July struck out; five years earlier, a mere 17% failed. Yet today's students are no dolts. Says Paul Tractenberg, a Rutgers law professor: "For the most part, they are as diligent and in some ways more driven now than earlier." One cause of the high fail rate is a 1976 decision to alter the grading. Before, any student who answered 140 of the multiple-choice questions correctly passed automatically, no matter how bad his essays were; in 1976 the trigger figure for passing became 145. (In Pennsylvania, by contrast, the pass number is 135.) Then, last July, something strange happened in the essay portion: of the 60% who scored below 145 on the multiple-choice section, only 10% did well enough on the essays to pass the exam —far fewer than in earlier years.

Such results naturally arouse suspicions that lawyers are trying to keep competition in their lucrative field to a minimum. By any measure, the profession's growth has been swift: there are almost 500,000 attorneys in the U.S. today, up from 355,000 a decade ago. In 1978 alone, some 30,000 new lawyers were admitted to the bar, and even in so litigious a society as the U.S., there is a limit to the amount of business available. But suggestions that the declining pass rates reflect the desire of established lawyers to limit new competition draw strong denials from state bar examiners.

A basic question is whether bar exams are a good measure of who is qualified to be a lawyer. The major criticism is that while they do test memory, they do not probe ability to do legal research, conduct interviews and argue in court. Bar officials in California, concerned about this and the low pass rates achieved by minorities there (about 30% for blacks and 40% for Hispanics, *vs.* 70% for whites), have considered conducting an experiment: having bar applicants take various innovative tests, including a quiz on a mock arbitration proceeding recorded on video tape. Whatever they are, new legal wrinkles developed in California tend to have wide impact; the state has about a fifth of the nation's student lawyers. ■

Legal Lucre: $37,000 Beginners

Beyond the bar exam lies a pot of gold—at least for the top students recruited by the big corporate law firms. Starting salaries at the large Wall Street legal factories, which began bidding up the pay of new lawyers a decade ago, will rise by some 6% this year to about $33,000. Pacesetting firms in Houston, Chicago, Los Angeles and Washington offer $25,000 to $30,000.

But most young lawyers enter a less gilded world. They send out scores of résumés and try not to jump at the first offer that comes along. Over the past few years, the average starting salary at law firms has leveled off at about $16,000. Professional newcomers in other fields are getting somewhat more: the average business school graduate can expect $22,000 this year, while computer engineers with degrees from first-rank schools like M.I.T. will get up to $28,000. By contrast, the top salaries that corporations and government agencies offer new lawyers range around $20,000. For big bucks, lawyers will continue to have to look to powerful firms, with blue chip clients, that can afford to bid high for talent. One of the Wall Street heavyweights, Davis, Polk and Wardwell, expects to have to pay $37,000, including fringes, for the 1980 graduates it wants.

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Pinkies on the Wing

The Wall *boosts the Floyd through the roof*

Almost a decade ago, Pink Floyd played a 2½-hr. concert on the shores of the Crystal Palace pond in London. To enhance their trippy riffs and overweening crescendos, the Pinkies brought on a 50-ft. inflatable octopus and detonated a fireworks display. By the time of the first encore, all the fish in the lake had died, victims of the band's cosmic boom and crushing decibels.

In the intervening years, the body count has dwindled. Pink Floyd still machine-tools the kind of head-shop Muzak that they helped pioneer during the first shocks of the '60s psychedelic movement and that, with considerable refining and embellishment, they shaped into 1973's *The Dark Side of the Moon*, one of the largest and longest sellers in rock history. *The Dark Side of the Moon* has sold 6½ million copies in the U.S. since its release, has been on the charts for 299 weeks and recently rose from the nether regions to occupy a respectable place in the middle ground.

This late burst of activity is directly traceable to the surprise success of the new Pink Floyd album, *The Wall*, which has become the country's No. 1 album and which shows few signs of giving way to the competition. This is all the more remarkable because the two Floyd albums between *The Moon* and *The Wall* achieved only modest success. There was every reason to believe that the Floyd had gone under, sunk beneath the collective weight of their cosmic speculations and primal ruminations. The resurgence represented by *The Wall* and by the Pinkies' current concert tour, which is touching down only in New York City and Los Angeles, is a reminder that the only commercial constant in pop music is unpredictability.

Bass Player Roger Waters, who writes most of the band's music, has tempered his lyric tantrums somewhat for the new album and has worked up some melodies that are rather more lulling and insinuating than anything Floyd freaks are used to. Spacy and seductive and full of high-tech sound stunts, *The Wall* has a kind of smothering sonic energy that can be traced to *The Dark Side of the Moon* and even past that, to the band's early days on the psychedelic front lines. To fans, this continuity must be just as reassuring as the trendiness Waters has grafted onto his lyrics, which are a kind of libretto for Me-decade narcissism. Says Tom Morrera, disc jockey at New York City's pacesetting WNEW-FM: "The Floyd are not as spacy as they used to be. They're doing art for art's sake, and you don't have to be high to get it. They'll take you on a trip anyway." Travelers who may not want to sign on for this particular voyage may find themselves more in agreement with a vice president at a rival record label who speculated, not without wistfulness, that the Pinkies "make perfect music for the age of the computer game."

The Wall is a lavish, four-sided dredge job on the angst of the successful rocker, his flirtations with suicide and losing bouts with self-pity, his assorted betrayals by parents, teachers and wives and his uneasy relationship with his audience, which is alternately exhorted, cajoled and mocked. None of the dynamic exaltation of the Who and their fans for the Pinkies. To Waters, the audience is just another barrier, another obstacle to his exquisitely indelicate communion with his inner being. "So ya/ Thought ya/ Might like to go to the show," he sneers at some hapless fan.

Is something eluding you
sunshine?
. . . If you'd like to find out what's
behind these cold eyes
You'll just have to claw your way
through the
Disguise.

Sunshine might just as well try tunneling out of Sing Sing with a soup spoon. Every avenue of Waters' psyche ends up against a wall, a towering edifice whose bricks have been mixed from the clay of emotional trauma, vocational frustration and, apparently, brain damage. Absent fathers, smothering mothers, sadistic schoolmasters, insistent fans and faithless spouses: "All in all you were all just bricks in the wall."

Urging caution on "the thin ice of modern life," Waters' lyrical ankles do a lot of wobbling before he is indicted, some 75 minutes into the record, on charges of fecklessness, savagery and numbness. The presiding magistrate, a worm, sentences the singer to "be exposed before/ Your peers/ Tear down the wall." Lysergic *Sturm und Drang* like this has a direct kind of kindergarten appeal, especially if it is orchestrated like a cross between a Broadway overture and a band concert on the starship *Enterprise*. It is likely, indeed, that *The Wall* is succeeding more for the sonic sauna of its melodies than the depth of its lyrics. It is a record being attended to rather than absorbed, listened to rather than heard.

This is 1) Floyd album, 2) dead end, 3) Berlin tourist spot

Pick one, because you're just another brick in . . .

And watched. The Pinkies onstage are as carefully rehearsed as the Rockettes. Says Saxman Dick Parry, who has backed them up, "They've got everything down exactly. Onstage with Floyd there's no spontaneity at all. They've got little pieces of tape everywhere, and if you stand in the wrong place they go crazy." The Pinkies' new stage show is an extravagantly literal representation of the album, including a smoking bomber with an 18-ft. wingspan that buzzes the audience on a guy wire and huge floats representing the song's major characters, among them a 30-ft. mom who inflates to appropriately daunting proportions with the throw of a toggle switch. There is also, of course, a wall, soaring 30 ft. above the stage, spanning 210 ft. at the top. At the start of the show, roadies—rechristened "wallies" for the occasion—start stacking 340 cardboard bricks until, at intermission, the wall stands completed. During the second half, a few strategic ruptures appear through which Waters and his fellow Pinkies—Keyboard Player Rick Wright, Drummer Nick Mason and Guitarist Dave Gilmour—can be glimpsed doing their stuff.

The inevitable apocalypse occurs on cue. The wall crumbles, bending on its collapsible support columns and bringing a storm of harmless rubble down around the Floyd. "Outside the wall," Waters sings, "the bleeding hearts and the artists make their stand." The Pinkies would presumably find such company untidy, in the first case, or unflattering, in the second. As Waters pipes band and back-up musicians offstage with his clarinet, one recalls with renewed interest the fate of *The Godfather's* Luca Brasi, who was sent to sleep with the fishes. — **Jay Cocks**

Cinema

Daniel Shor, Amy Wright and Brad Dourif in John Huston's *Wise Blood*

The Sound and the Fury

WISE BLOOD *Directed by John Huston; Screenplay by Benedict Fitzgerald*

Wise Blood is the most eccentric American movie in years, and no wonder. The director, John Huston, 73, is a genuine maverick: though his long career has included many conventional entertainments (*The African Queen, The Man Who Would Be King*), he has always been game for such bizarre experiments as *Beat the Devil, Freud* and *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. This time, Huston has found material that was all but guaranteed to fuel the battiest recesses of his imagination. *Wise Blood* is based on Flannery O'Connor's extraordinary first novel, which infused the conventions of Southern gothic fiction with fiery Catholicism and surrealistic wit. Huston takes to O'Connor's hothouse style like a gambler to a royal flush. The inevitable results are the very essence of weird.

The world that Huston and O'Connor create is so peculiar and self-contained that many may find *Wise Blood* impenetrable. The film features characters who are all crazy, themes that are religious and humor that ranges from dark to gruesome. Though the movie is by no means difficult to comprehend on its own terms, Huston does not attempt to win over disbelievers. It is not surprising that independent producers, rather than a Hollywood studio, took the considerable risk of financing the project.

Wise Blood is about Hazel Motes, a young Army veteran who comes home to rural Georgia determined to overthrow his past. Hazel's grandfather was an evangelical preacher; Hazel decides to revolt against his legacy by starting his own "Church Without Christ." As forcefully played by Brad Dourif (the stuttering inmate in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*), the young hero is an angry, obsessed loner with penetrating eyes and a fierce bark. When he tries and fails to start his new church, he meets a large array of even greater crackpots: a charlatan street preacher who fakes blindness (Harry Dean Stanton), a zookeeper (Daniel Shor) in search of an animalistic deity, an evangelical merchandising expert (Ned Beatty) and some sex-starved belles (Amy Wright, Mary Nell Santacroce). Huston has great affection for these people, even if Hazel does not: the misfits are celebrated not only for their lunacies but for their comic inability to square their passions with normal spiritual or temporal ambitions. About Hazel, however, *Wise Blood* is dead serious. In his own topsy-turvy, blasphemous and finally violent way, he is headed toward salvation. He ends up closer to God than his grandfather would have dared.

Huston re-creates the grotesque imagery and internal logic of O'Connor's phantasmagoric parable by translating the writer's prose into cinematic and dramatic terms. The film's settings are glutted with eclectic religious artifacts and the documentary details of the backwater South. The cast, including even bit players who appear as cops, used-car salesmen and townsfolk, features enough oddballs to staff a Tennessee Williams repertory company. Huston's only lapses are a few purple flashback sequences that accomplish little beyond allowing the director to appear onscreen as Hazel's grandfather. Still, those moviegoers who have a taste for *Wise Blood* are not going to cavil about flaws. It is enough to ride the wild imaginative waves of this singular artistic adventure. — **Frank Rich**

Grossed Out

FATSO
Directed and Written by Anne Bancroft

This is at least an original—the first movie in which the drama derives mainly from an overweight individual's attempts to diet. That point stipulated, however, it's hard to find much else of an encouraging nature to say about Anne Bancroft's debut as a writer and director. The tone of the picture veers from the grotesque (eating binges whenever Dom DeLuise, as the title heavyweight, becomes anxious or unhappy) to the hysterical (members of his excitably loving Italian family yelling at him whenever he gorges himself). There is also a sentimental love story: the hero falls for a sweet, dumbish blond (Candice Azzara) who runs the gift shop around the corner from his card shop. As for the gags, they are mindlessly farcical: an examination at the diet doctor's features standard jokes about hospital gowns and a nicotine-addicted physician who coughs in the patient's face.

In the end, DeLuise does not visibly lose any poundage. But he does get the girl, which, it seems, helps him learn to like himself a little better—which, it seems, may imply slenderness to come. DeLuise acts his part agreeably, but one never comes to care much about him. Dieting may be a compelling matter for someone trying to lose weight, but it is not ever of much interest to bystanders. DeLuise's character is just a dreary man in a drab milieu. Most of Bancroft's staging seems a desperate attempt to narrow the distance between actor and auditors, but it comes out merely as frenzy. And there are far too many close-ups of the food that keeps tempting her fat friend. — **Richard Schickel**

Cross Talk

JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT
Directed by Sidney Lumet
Screenplay by Jay Presson Allen

The opening scene may not be original, but it certainly is promising. A very chic heroine (Ali MacGraw) follows a well-dressed man (Alan King) into Bergdorf Goodman and proceeds to slug him repeatedly with her purse. All hell breaks loose in the department store, and it seems that Director Sidney Lumet will transport his audience back to the glory days of Hollywood's glossy romantic comedies. Maybe MacGraw and King are no Lombard and Gable—or Day and Hudson—but at least they seem intent on having a good time. *Just Tell Me What You Want* looks as if it were home free.

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Cinema

Ali MacGraw in *Just Tell Me*

Nowhere, at great length.

20 minutes, the movie loses its assurance and sense of purpose. Indeed, Jay Presson Allen's screenplay reels around like a drunken sailor. From moment to moment, *Just Tell Me* is a somber and confusingly plotted story of corporate power struggles, a syrupy account of a love triangle, and a sloppy satire of show business —rather like Lumet's *Network*. There are still some bright moments, but they are separated by flaccid, poorly connected scenes that go nowhere at great length.

The few high points belong to King and MacGraw. He is Max, a fast-dealing, fast-talking zillionaire with a penchant for keeping women in overdecorated Manhattan pads. She is "Bones," a TV producer and longtime protégée who revolts against Max by making careerist demands and carrying on with an off-off-Broadway playwright (Peter Weller). King is too much of a pussycat to convey the hero's toughness, but he delivers Allen's best sallies with crackling speed ("I'll tell you who lives in New Jersey! *Cousins* live in New Jersey!"). Though MacGraw is no comedian, she is animated and playful for the first time in memory.

The other roles are well cast, but only Tony Roberts' gay Hollywood magnate is clearly drawn. Dina Merrill, while quite nutty as Max's institutionalized wife, is left stranded between farce and tragedy. The playwright is inconsistently written as both a pretentious aesthete and an idealized heartthrob; finally his plot strand peters out, and poor Weller disappears without explanation. By then, Allen and Lumet have forsaken both laughter and romance for some muddy philosophizing: Hollywood deal making, it abruptly turns out, is a metaphor for male-female relationships. Maybe so, but it is hard to believe that the creators of *Just Tell Me What You Want* ever told each other just what movie they wanted to make. — ***Frank Rich***

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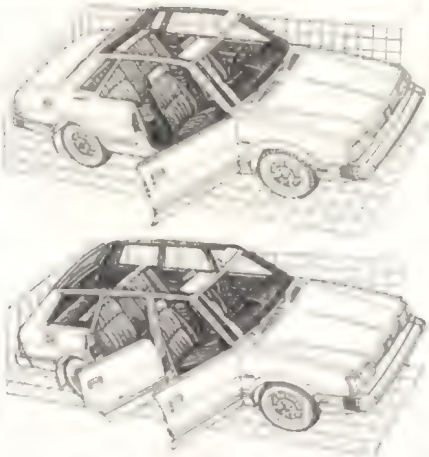

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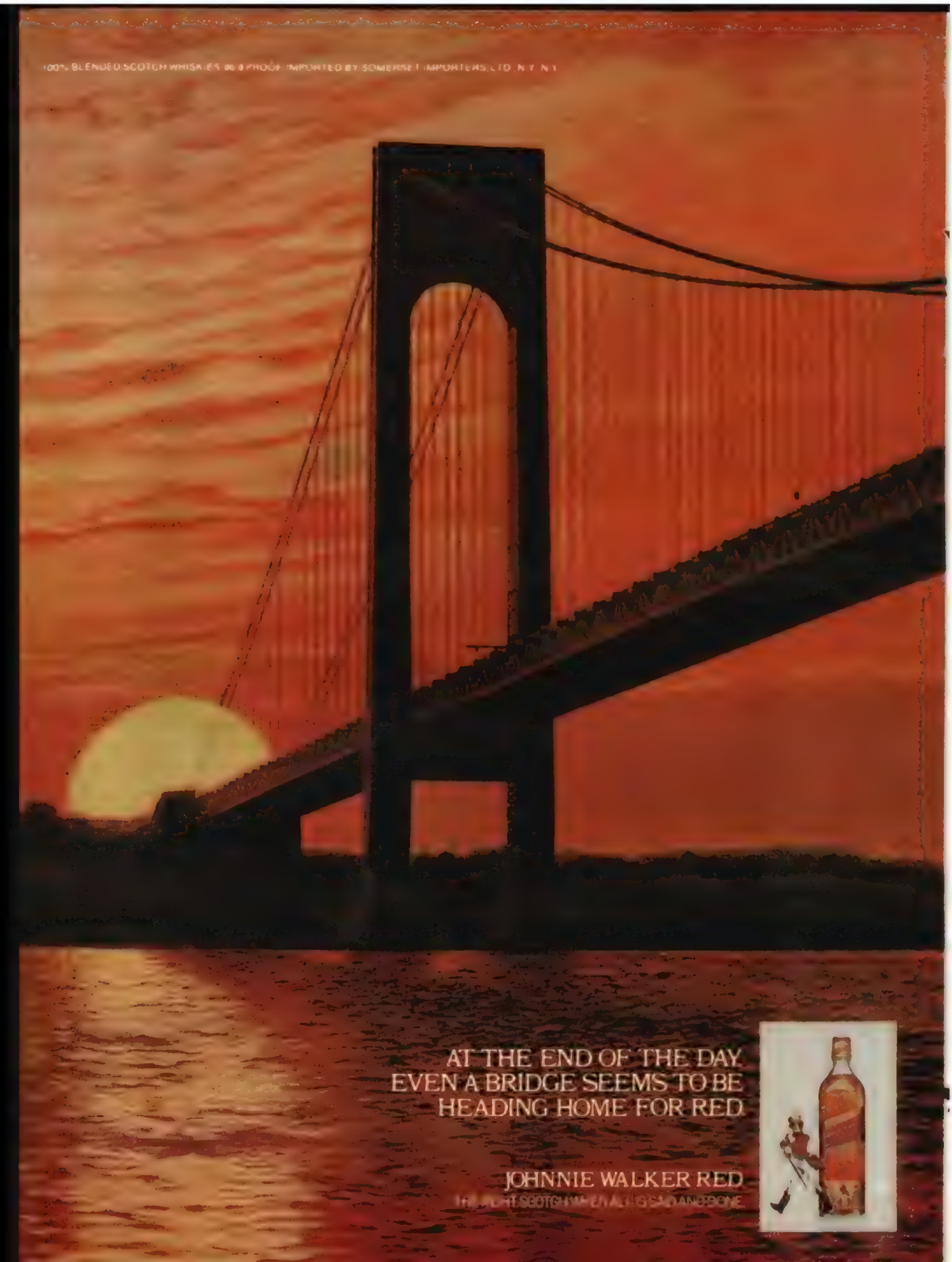
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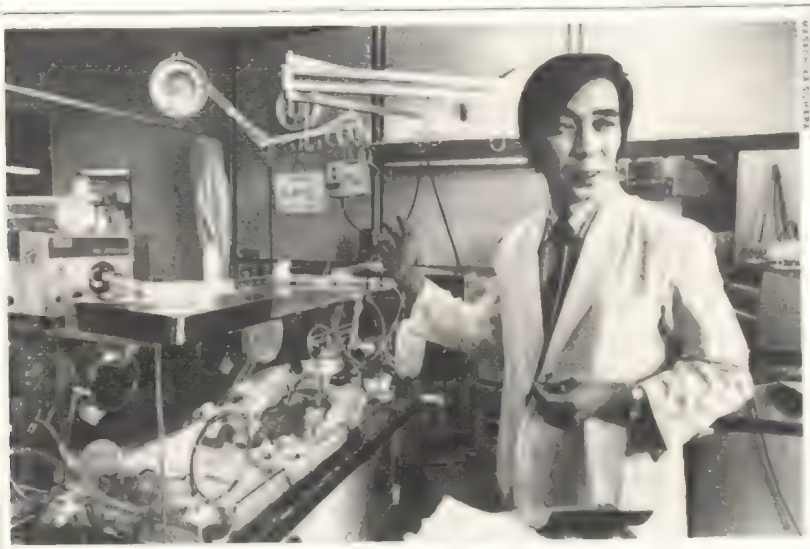

Fujiwara monitoring newborn infant with hyaline membrane disease

The Cow-Lung Concoction

It may save "preemies" from early death

When John and Jacqueline Kennedy lost their newborn son Patrick in 1963, most Americans had never heard of the disorder that took the life of the President's child: hyaline membrane disease (HMD). In fact, the major cause of HMD had been discovered only four years before by a Harvard research team. The disorder is largely confined to prematurely born infants; in the U.S. it strikes 20,000 "preemies" annually, and, despite improved treatment, still kills more than 3,000 of them.

Hyaline membrane disease occurs because the infant's lungs do not produce enough of a vital substance: pulmonary surfactant, a whitish, soaplike chemical that coats the lungs and keeps airspaces open. Without surfactant, the air sacs in the lungs become stiff and collapse, preventing inhalation, and the lungs become dense and hyaline, or glasslike. The usual recourse has been to supply the baby with oxygen-enriched air (sometimes with the aid of a respirator) until the lungs are mature enough to manufacture a sufficient amount of the chemical. But this involves expensive machines and a long hospital stay that can cost more than $20,000.

Now comes what may eventually be a simpler and cheaper solution. In the British medical journal *Lancet*, Pediatrician Tetsuro Fujiwara reports successfully using a strange concoction to coat the lungs of 15 newborns with HMD who were not responding to standard therapy. The ingredients: purified surfactant taken from cow lungs and organic compounds. Others have tried a similar approach, using totally synthetic surfactants. But such solutions seemed not to work because they lacked some essence of the natural substance. Moreover, no one had yet devised a way to apply a surfactant directly to a baby's lungs.

Fujiwara, an associate professor at the Akita University School of Medicine in northern Japan, solved these problems in a sort of medical hat trick that is, as he puts it, "simplicity itself." Picking up cow lungs at local slaughterhouses, he scraped off their surfactant, rid it of most of its protein, modified it with the organic compounds, and put the resulting white powder into solution. That way, with a tube and syringe, he could propel it directly into an infant's air passages. To spread it over the lungs, he just moved his tiny patients about until the alveolar cells that make up the lining of the lung were all coated. The infants were immediately placed in a 100% oxygen atmosphere and put on respirators to help aerate their lungs. Before long, they were breathing more normally, and within hours, they had turned from deathly gray to a healthy pink.

Some researchers have reacted cautiously to Fujiwara's announcement, warning that any long-range effects of using surfactant substitutes remain to be seen. They point out that scientists have not yet unraveled the chemical structure of natural surfactants and thus cannot tell if there is any significant difference between the human and animal variety. Fujiwara acknowledges that much testing remains to be done before the cow-lung concoction achieves widespread use. He plans a large-scale clinical trial of the substance this summer. ■

Capsules

FIREBRAND

The glowing popularity of wood-burning stoves may be bringing back a skin complaint virtually unknown in the U.S. since the arrival of central heating: erythema ab igne, literally redness of the skin from fire. Dermatologists warn that prolonged or repeated exposure to intense heat can cause permanent web-patterned skin discolorations, ranging in shade from pink to brown. (Habitual use of very hot water bottles and heating pads can lead to the same problem.) Dr. Stephen Stone of Springfield, Ill., had one patient whose upper back, shoulder to shoulder, was crisscrossed by marks resulting from sitting too near a wood-burning stove. His advice: "Stay a reasonable distance away. If the heat is intense enough to cause discomfort, that is too close." He further warns that ordinary apparel offers little protection; the heat will penetrate through cloth.

A POTENT MYTH

Impotent men have traditionally received cold comfort from their physicians. "It's all in your head," they are usually told before being shuttled off to psychologists and psychiatrists. Now comes a report in this week's *Journal of the American Medical Association* urging doctors to take a closer look at the patient's physical condition. Endocrinologist Richard Spark of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital writes that the problem in many cases is medical, not mental. Using sensitive radioimmunoassay techniques that can pick up infinitesimal levels of hormones in the blood, Dr. Spark and his team studied 105 impotent men, aged 18 to 75. They found that 35% of the men had previously overlooked disorders of the endocrine system—too little testosterone, for example, or overactive thyroids. In these cases, medical treatment corrected the conditions and restored potency.

THINKING FAT

How does the body recognize when it is too fat? Work at the University of Washington Medical School in Seattle suggests that the signal may be the level of insulin in the cerebrospinal fluid. In a six-year study, researchers found that by infusing insulin directly into the brains of baboons they could get the animals to eat less and lose weight. The findings suggest a novel way to combat obesity in human beings. Fat people produce insulin in normal amounts, but the insulin sensing mechanisms in their brains may be defective. Thus, compared with people whose weight is normal, the obese may need much higher levels of insulin in the brain to signal: "Fat. Stop eating!" The next question: How to raise levels of insulin in the brain without causing problems in other parts of the body. ■

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Eating crow is not our favorite gastronomic experience.

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That dialogue produced results you should appreciate.[1] Just as other consumer contacts have encouraged changes like our Privacy Protection hotline. And the new, lower-cost Æconomaster life insurance.[2]

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And absolutely *none* of you out there is happy about steadily-rising health care costs. Which is why we're taking a hard look at the entire health care system, including health policies themselves.[4]

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1 Talks with the NPA—a consumer coalition of over 100 inner-city neighborhood groups—led to a three-fold test program now underway in sections of Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia. We're encouraging agents there to help us write more homeowner's insurance. In two of these cities, we're offering a new "Home Value Policy" that makes inner-city insurance affordable. And we've put up a $225,000 grant to help reclaim rundown areas, backed by a commitment of up to $15 million in higher-risk urban development loans

2 The hotline is just the most recent expression of our long-standing concern. If you want to know what information we have about you on file, just ask. If you tell us something's wrong, we'll reinvestigate and respond. As to Æconomaster, it not only offers lower premiums to start with, it can lower them even further when interest rates go up—a hedge against inflation.

3 Our studies so far show that about half of you think the traditional rating criteria are unfair. When told that new criteria could mean more money out of your pocket, however, only about a third still thought change was a good idea. In the real world, decisions often involve some tradeoff between costs and benefits. What we have here are two problems to solve at once.

4 Ætna recognizes we've helped fuel rising costs by selling health insurance that doesn't always give the consumer a reason to be concerned about them. Deductibles and co-insurance while effective aren't always popular. Unfortunately we too often give the customer what he wants without looking at the tradeoffs. We also haven't done enough to educate people to take better care of themselves or know when they're sick. Prevention is still cheaper than treatment

5 It's now company policy to invite representatives from groups like the National Consumers' League up to Hartford. And Ætna now has 21 of its own consumer representatives who respond to your questions, suggestions, and complaints—somewhat unusual for an industry that's spent the last hundred years mostly listening to itself.

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LIFE & CASUALTY

Tale of 45 Cities

Moral: the U.S. is cheap

The news may first delight, then bewilder inflation-weary Americans, whose stack of unpaid bills grows every time the mailman calls. According to a study by the Union Bank of Switzerland, citizens in big U.S. cities are substantially better off in terms of what they can actually buy with their wages and salaries than people with similar jobs in metropolises in other countries.

The Zurich-based bank rated 45 cities around the world in terms of their inhabitants' purchasing power, measured by the amount of goods and services that can be bought with their incomes. This was calculated by taking the average pay in a group of twelve common occupations —among them teaching, office work and construction—and comparing it with the cost of a "basket" of standard household expenses. These included rent, food, clothing and public transportation, as well as the cost of a wide range of services such as getting a haircut or having a suit cleaned. Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles topped the buying-power list. New York, the only other U.S. city included in the survey, placed sixth, behind Amsterdam and Zurich.

The most painless places to live are those where the rise in prices has been more than matched by the rise in incomes. It takes a Chicagoan just 75¼ hours to earn enough to buy the survey's basket of goods and services. For the same items, a Londoner must work twice as long. Prices for a great many things are simply lower in the U.S. than they are elsewhere. For instance, a cartful of 39 supermarket items that costs $135 in Los Angeles and $172 in New York sells for $225 in Zurich and an appalling $292 in Tokyo. A color TV that is priced at $600 in the U.S. sells for twice that in Zurich and three times as much in Tel Aviv.

At the same time, while inflation has squeezed Americans' pocketbooks hard—"real" incomes rose by only 2.2% last year, or less than half the 1978 increase—the Union Bank report finds that pay levels in the U.S. are still high. A construction worker in New York, for example, averages $20,800 a year, almost twice as much as he would get in London and three times what he would earn in Paris. A teacher in Chicago with ten years of experience receives about $20,100 a year; this is below the $31,400 his counterpart in Zurich makes, but well above the $12,200 a London schoolmarm or -master gets. A chef at a good restaurant in San Francisco makes more than three times the $8,700 that a cook in a similar place in London would earn.

Manila, Lisbon, Istanbul, Mexico City and Bogotá boast the cheapest prices, while Jeddah (Saudi Arabia), Abu Dhabi and Manama (Bahrain) are the most expensive. Incomes are also swept away rapidly in Tokyo, Oslo, Geneva and Copenhagen. The 2.2 lbs. of medium-quality rump steak that would cost $7 in the U.S. fetches $24 in Zurich and $41 in Tokyo. In Jeddah a smoker must pay $4.99 for a pack of Marlboro cigarettes.

American executives who are dispatched to posts in expensive foreign cities tend to be cushioned against price shock: major U.S. corporations give people in high-cost areas adjustment bonuses that range from 10% to 40% of the employee's salary. It is the traveler who is most keenly aware of how purchasing power can be ravaged in the really pricey metropolises. Unless faraway places like Manila or Bogotá are indelibly etched in their vacation calendars this summer, most Americans might discover U.S. cities to be downright travel bargains. ■

CITY	AVERAGE INCOME	"BASKET" OF GOODS AND SERVICES*	...AND HRS. WORKED TO BUY IT	PRICE OF 39 FOOD PRODUCTS	1st-CLASS HOTEL ROOM	PACK OF MARLBORO CIGARETTES	RENT FOR 4 ROOM FURN. APT
ZURICH	$26,082	$959	84¼	$225	$120	$1.26	$1,110
CHICAGO	20,745	762	75¼	163	98	.70	1,300
NEW YORK	20,564	812	85½	172	106	.75	2,200
DÜSSELDORF	19,361	925	98¼	172	122	1.54	760
LOS ANGELES	19,127	718	80¾	135	78	.69	750
STOCKHOLM	17,809	856	97¼	207	109	2.01	550
TOKYO	17,664	1,022	136½	292	144	1.24	2,990
PARIS	14,691	912	138¾	177	113	1.11	990
LONDON	10,773	779	150¼	172	139	1.17	1,080
ABU DHABI	10,218	1,205	296¾	200	145	.46	1,430
MANILA	2,655	444	548	107	53	.40	950

*Includes food, beverages, apartment rent, cigarettes, toilet articles, household appliances, clothing, transportation and misc. services

Source: Union Bank of Switzerland

Odds & Trends

RISING FOLD-UPS

A standard yuk in 1930s movies was the moment when a pair of closet doors would open and a Murphy bed would come crashing down on someone's head. Over the years, the bed's Buster Keaton image hurt sales so badly that the Murphy Door Bed Co. Inc. of New York City began making kitchen cabinets. But with apartment rents soaring, the fold-ups are making a comeback among folks seeking to make the most of their living space. The company last year racked up a 15% increase in sales of its beds, which go for anywhere from $130 to $525. Says William K. Murphy, head of the firm: "Mr. Average American won't make fun of us any more."

HOT SHEETS

For those who will not scrimp on slumber, some U.S. stores are stocking supersheets. Macy's in Manhattan has some by France's Porthault that have hand-sewn scalloped edges and are made of 100% cotton, but might as well be gold: a queen-size set costs $645. Uptown at Bloomingdale's, a set of cotton sheets, pillow cases and comforters by Italy's T & J Vestor goes for $5,000. Big-ticket bedding is "a fashion statement," says Bloomies. It could also serve as a bank statement.

CLIMBING CURD

Tofu, or bean curd, a custard-like cake made from curdled soybean milk, was a favorite of Taoist priests in ancient China. Now Americans are learning to use the nearly tasteless curd (flavoring must be added) to replace cheese in cheesecake and meat in burgers. A 4-oz. serving of tofu has nearly as much protein as an equal amount of hamburger but fewer calories (150 *vs.* 237) and no cholesterol. At 99¢ per lb., it is also cheaper. One large supplier, the New England Soy Dairy, Inc. of Greenfield, Mass., peddled 300 to 500 lbs. of curd a week in 1977, its first year. It now sells 25,000 lbs. a week.

RAMBLING TO GAMBLING

Every Friday, weekend gamblers from Southern California make the five-hour drive to Las Vegas. When the radio signals fade, deep boredom sets in. But next month a new FM station, KRXV, will come to the rescue with news, weather, tourist information, plus the music of Vegas headliners. Owner Howard Anderson won approval for his station, which will beam its signal directly along the highway, by arguing that his listeners form a "mobile community" with common needs. Not all of them are wagerers, however. Seems that fully 25% of the 23 million people who drive the route each year peel off into the Mojave Desert just to spend a few days nowhere at all. ■

Street Scene

WEST SIDE STORY
Directed and Choreographed by Jerome Robbins
Music by Leonard Bernstein
Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim
Book by Arthur Laurents

The finest musicals are subject to sociocultural jet lag. The biorhythms of the societal clock seem organically out of kilter. No time machine can transport the audience to the 1943 spirit of *Oklahoma!* or the 1957 of *West Side Story*. Separate components (songs, dances, acting) can be marvelously exciting, but the core of the musical, what it is rather than what it does, recedes into an odd realm of detachment. The original galvanizing impact is dissipated.

Not so much so that one cannot experience a thoroughly enchanting evening in the theater. The current production of *West Side Story* at Broadway's Minskoff Theater surely qualifies as that. The story, if anyone needs to be told, closely parallels *Romeo and Juliet*. The warring feudal factions of the Montagues and the Capulets become turf gangs, the Jets (whites) and the Sharks (Puerto Ricans).

The ethnically star-crossed lovers are Maria (Jossie De Guzman), sister of Sharks Leader Bernardo (Hector Jaime Mercado), and Tony (Ken Marshall), the best friend of Jets Leader Riff (James J. Mellon). In a switchblade rumble between the two gangs, which Tony tries to prevent, Bernardo/Tybalt kills Riff/Mercutio, and Tony plunges a lethally avenging blade into Bernardo. Love conquers

Marshall and De Guzman in *West Side Story*

clan loyalties as Maria clings unswervingly to Tony.

Among the key actors, De Guzman brings a radiant innocence to Maria that is quite affecting. Marshall's handsome Tony is more wood than flame, and the incendiary performance is given by Debbie Allen as Bernardo's girlfriend Anita. This woman sizzles like a severed power line. When she dances, sings and blasts her way through *America*, the roof of the theater starts to buckle.

Bernstein's score moves with envious ease from the melodic lyricism of *Tonight* and *Maria* to the trip-hammer tempo of menace that animates *The Rumble*. As for Sondheim's lyrics, what can anyone say that he can't say better?

Every court must have a king. Jerome Robbins is the monarch of *West Side Story*. Beyond that, he is the Jove of theater choreography. His dances are thunderbolts of invention, and his dancers are the messengers of his precise, uncompromising will. From the faintest twitch of a shoulder to hurricane tides of mass action, he is the master of the rhetoric of bodily motion. He can turn his dancers into airborne balletic Ariels who touch the ground merely to skip skyward again.

The Minskoffs may have built this theater in Times Square, but for the duration of *West Side Story's* run, Jerome Robbins owns it. — **T.E. Kalem**

Debbie Allen of the Puerto Rican Sharks spews her wrath at the white Jets

Hurricane tides of action that reveal the rhetoric of bodily motion.

Love Match

FILUMENA *by Eduardo de Filippo*

There is a narrow line between sentimentality and mawkishness, and not many writers can walk it without falling into the swamp of syrupy sugar waiting below. Eduardo de Filippo, the Italian playwright, is a rare exception. *Filumena*, which ran for two years in London, may be the easiest, most companionable show on Broadway. It is warm, undemanding and, in its own modest way, always enjoyable.

The title character once ornamented a Naples brothel, but for the past 25 years she has been the housekeeper of one of her former customers, Domenico Soriano. Finally, after years of his indifference, she pretends that she is dying, tricking him into a deathbed wedding. A miraculous recovery naturally follows, and Filumena tells Domenico why she deceived him. She has three grown sons, whom she has kept secret all these years, and she wants them to bear his name. Her moment of triumph is fleeting, however. She discovers that a marriage induced by fraud has no legal standing; she has outwitted only herself and must now leave Domenico's home. But before she goes she plants a bomb under his chair: one of her three boys is also his.

It would be unfair to describe the resolution of this ancient script except to say that it is happy. The chief joy of this production is not the plot, in any case, but the amusing game of thrust and parry carried on by Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay as Filumena and her quarry. They are an even—which is to say delightful—match, and they have been elegantly directed by Plowright's husband, Laurence Olivier. — **Gerald Clarke**

COVER STORIES

The New Face of TV News

Dan Rather becomes CBS's $8 million man, as network journalism booms

For nearly three months he met regularly and secretly with top executives at each of the three commercial networks, hearing their offers, learning their plans. The process involved quiet breakfasts in obscure restaurants, drinks and dinner in one suitor's apartment and marathon conversations in hotel rooms. "I find myself in a long final glide path," he said last week. "Three runways are stretched out before me. All three are beautiful. I could land on any one and be extremely happy."

Dan Rather, 48, the intrepid newshound of CBS's *60 Minutes*, had three offers he couldn't refuse. ABC, NBC and his own CBS each sought to make him its evening-news anchorman. Each asked him to help shape its newscast. And each, before the bidding was over, had offered a staggering reward if he would just sign up: $8 million spread over five years.

Two self-imposed deadlines for making a decision came and went. Lists of pros and cons littered Rather's Manhattan apartment. Before leaving for work last Wednesday he promised his wife Jean that he would make up his mind that day. At *60 Minutes*' offices on West 57th Street, Rather consulted with Mike Wallace, Morley Safer and other CBS colleagues, then he met with NBC News President William Small. Late that night Jean Rather finally turned to him in their living room. "You were going to make a decision today," she said evenly. "You have 17 minutes left." At long last Rather was ready: "I am going to go with my gut. I'm going to go with CBS."

With those words he finally settled the question that had titillated the television world for years: Who would succeed Walter Cronkite, the best-known and most respected broadcast journalist of his era? Some time next year Cronkite's program will be rechristened the *CBS Evening News with Dan Rather*, and like Cronkite, he will have the title of managing editor. Uncle Walter, 63, who chose to stay out of the selection process for his successor, plans to continue as anchor at least through the presidential inauguration next January. "I've inaugurated every President since Harry Truman," he said last week. "I want to do one more." After that he is planning to stay on at CBS doing documentaries, special assignments and a new science show, *Universe*.

The clear loser in all this is Roger Mudd, 52, who has been understudying Cronkite for the anchor role for almost a decade. But some CBS executives noted that Mudd, though an experienced Washington correspondent, has never worked overseas, is not the compliant sort of company man that CBS appreciates, and is thought by some at the network to appear a bit too stolid on the screen. Still, Mudd was so sure he had the job that he recently refused to fill in one week for Cronkite; he wanted to go skiing instead. "I think he overestimated his hand," says one colleague. Said Mudd, who may well leave the network, "The management of CBS and CBS News has made its decision on Walter Cron-

CARL MYDANS

Dan Rather at *60 Minutes* headquarters and on monitors in the control room

NBC Anchorman John Chancellor in his Manhattan office

Frank Reynolds leading the evening broadcast from the capital

"TV has created a nation of news junkies who tune in every night to get their fix on the world."

kite's successor, according to its current values and standards. From the beginning, I have regarded myself as a news reporter, not as a newsmaker or a celebrity."

By choosing Rather, CBS is gambling that the time has come for an electrifying anchorman rather than an avuncular one, a younger, more dynamic personality to replace an old familiar face. But also, the network really did not dare let him go; Rather is the one man in television who, working for a competitor, could conceivably demolish the house that Cronkite built. Ambitious and energetic, Rather is blessed with commanding presence and down-home charm. He has also turned out to be a man of abiding loyalties: "I know so many people at CBS, and I just could not bring myself to walk out that door and say, 'Goodbye. I've helped you. You've helped me. That's the way it goes.' "

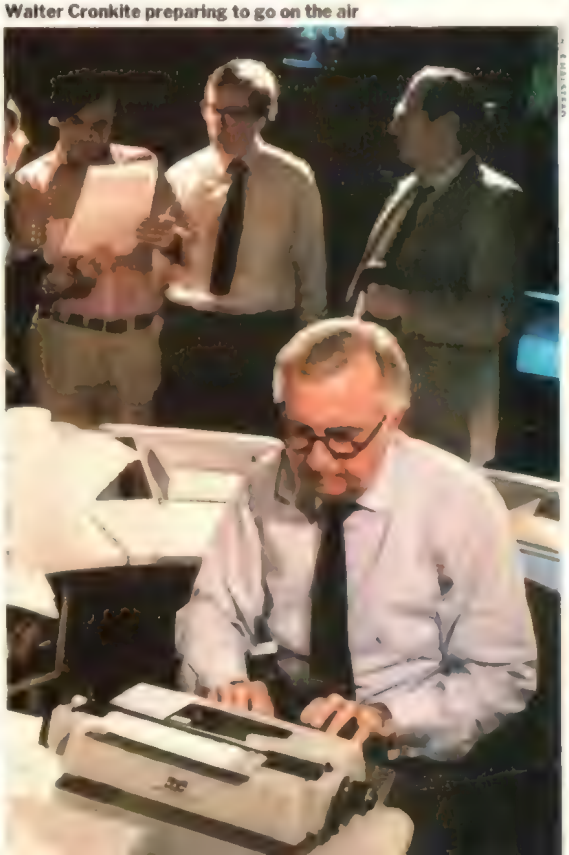
Rather's dazzling contract, which took effect last week, makes him one of the two highest-paid broadcast journalists in the country, along with Cronkite. It also puts Rather in the rarefied company of TV entertainers like Johnny Carson ($3 million a year). That narrowing of the money gap between TV's news stars and its entertainment stars is perhaps only fitting. News is suddenly the hot act on TV. Information programs are beginning to rival sitcoms, shoot-'em-ups and other fictive fare for viewers and advertising dollars. The top-rated show on television this season is CBS's *60 Minutes:* the investigatory escapades of Rather and fellow Correspondents Wallace, Safer and Harry Reasoner are seen by some 40 million Americans each Sunday evening. A celebrity-studded version of *60 Minutes*, ABC's 20-month-old magazine show *20/20*, has outdrawn its Thursday-night entertainment competition.

The networks' regular newscasts are playing to record audiences. At the end of 1979, the CBS *Evening News*, NBC *Nightly News* and ABC's *World News Tonight* were seen by a total of 56.3 million people each evening, an increase of 13% over the year before. Public television's *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, an intelligent if placid interview show that follows the network news in most cities, now attracts 4 million viewers, up 20% from last year.

Not only are more people watching news, but there seems to be more news to watch these days: the earlier-than-ever presidential campaign, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and, most riveting of all, the seizure of the U.S. embassy in Tehran. That event inspired the first major expansion of nightly network news since CBS and NBC extended their evening reports from 15 minutes to half an hour in 1963. Shortly after the takeover, ABC launched an excellent nightly news special, *The Iran Crisis: America Held Hostage*, that has continued ever since. ABC will soon convert it to a regular 11:30 p.m. (E.S.T.) newscast; CBS and NBC are said to be considering late-night news programs of their own. Says PBS's Robert MacNeil: "TV has created a nation of news junkies who tune in every night to get their fix on the world."

The network news divisions, once money-losing sidelines maintained largely for reasons of prestige, are reportedly running in the black at CBS and NBC, and ABC News hopes to be profitable soon. Because news audiences are up by some 7 million viewers, the networks can charge advertisers more for commercials. Of course, costs have also risen (each network will spend upwards of $130 million on coverage this year, more than double the figure in 1975), but information programming remains far cheaper to pro-

Walter Cronkite preparing to go on the air



duce than the entertainment variety. Consider the case of *60 Minutes:* a one-hour installment typically brings in $1.6 million in advertising revenue but reportedly costs only $275,000 to produce, less than half the average cost of an hour-long entertainment program. Besides, as network executives are evidently learning, reality can be more entertaining than its imitation. Says CBS News President William Leonard: "There just isn't enough mediocrity to go around in the fiction area. In five years, I think more than 50% of programming will be informational."

In anticipation of that day, some enterprising TV documentary maker could weave a gripping, real-life drama from the inside story of how a revolution in TV news led to a multimillion-dollar bidding war for an anchorman. The individual most responsible for the revolution is, ironically, not basically a journalist at all He is a 48-year-old television sports impresario known for his polka-dotted shirts and khaki safari jackets, flaming red hair and all but total inability to return phone calls. His name: Roone Arledge

From the time Arledge joined ABC in 1960 (he became president of ABC Sports in 1968), almost everything he touched turned to gold: NCAA football, *Wide World of Sports, Monday Night Football* (with the ineffable Howard Cosell in the announcing booth), even the *Battle of the Network Stars* and all its banal offspring Under his leadership, ABC bid millions to televise the Olympics and transformed the games into global theater. His use of multiple cameras, instant replay, slow motion, on-field microphones and other electronic gimmickry revolutionized sports coverage

The television news community howled—partly in laughter, partly in protest—when Arledge became president of ABC News in June 1977. (He remains president of ABC Sports and is executive producer of the Lake Placid Winter Olympics.) Journalists feared that he would bring game-show hype to the evening news, as described so chillingly in Paddy Chayefsky's 1976 movie *Network*. Arledge did little to allay those suspicions when, shortly after taking over, he devoted 19 minutes of one 22½-minute nightly newscast to a lurid account of the capture of an accused killer, the so-called Son of Sam

Roone Arledge of ABC in Lake Placid

Rallying the last-place network.

Arledge and ABC News have come a long way since then. The razzle-dazzle special effects that Arledge imported from the sports division have been muted, or else copied by the competition. Barbara Walters, lured in 1976 from NBC with that notorious $1 million-a-year contract, has left the anchor duties to do interviews Her incompatible co-anchor, Harry Reasoner, has fled to CBS's *60 Minutes*. The man who has emerged as their replacement, experienced Newsman Frank Reynolds, 56, has given ABC's *World News Tonight* stability and style

Arledge and Vice President Av Westin have been building up ABC's anemic corps of correspondents. Nowhere is the network's new reporting vitality more apparent than in its coverage of the embassy hostage crisis. ABC's Bob Dyk was the only network journalist on the scene in Tehran for four precious days, and ABC has since had more than its share of Iranian scoops. Partly as a result, the network has been nosing out NBC for second place in the evening-news ratings race with increasing regularity, and is even closing in on CBS, the longtime leader (*see chart*). "ABC is developing an authentic success," concedes Robert ("Shad") Northshield, executive producer of CBS's adventurous new *Sunday Morning* magazine show. "They are one hell of an outfit." Adds Press Critic Edwin Diamond: "Roone Arledge is Captain Success."

ABC's renaissance is being felt most acutely by NBC. That network was plagued by uncertain corporate and news leadership through most of the 1970s, and only last year began to get its administrative house in order. Facing mandatory retirement at CBS, Richard Salant, 65, signed on as vice chairman for news at NBC, which has no set retirement age. In August he recruited Bill Small, a hard-driving former CBS Washington bureau chief, to be president of NBC's news division. Says Small: "We are going to be hiring producers, correspondents, whatever, to increase our bench strength."

Salant and Small have their hands full, and not only with the *Nightly News*, which has as its host the literate but low-key John Chancellor, 52. The network's eight-month-old magazine show, *Prime Time Saturday* with Tom Snyder, is floundering. In addition, the *Today* show, its once prolific profit maker (a reported $7 million last year), has lately slipped in the ratings behind ABC's *Good Morning America*, a homey mix of news, gossip, interviews and self-improvement tips. *Today's* own efforts to be more folksy and entertaining have only undermined its prestige. Recalls PBS's Bill Moyers, whose *Journal* is one of PBS's more thoughtful informational programs: "In the '60s, the show helped set the public affairs agenda for the U.S."

CBS remains television's finest news organization by a wide margin. The network's news executives liken their 1,000-member staff to a ball club with superior depth at every position. With so many good people around, however, CBS is slow to provide challenges and advancement. Says Fred Friendly, former CBS News

William Leonard of CBS in New York

Trying to maintain a 13-year lead.

Richard Salant at NBC headquarters

Staying second is not easy any more

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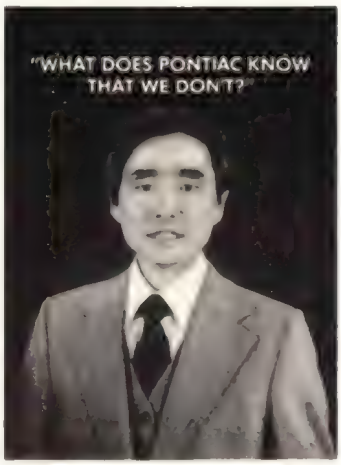

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president and now a Columbia University journalism professor: "What producers and reporters want more than anything else is to get on the air. If another network can promise that, throw away the school tie."

That is precisely what ABC's Arledge has been promising many CBS and NBC journalists. He has lured 29 on-camera reporters and 20 producer-directors from the other networks. CBS is hardest hit, losing 17 to the Arledge recruiting drive, including Correspondents Hughes Rudd, John Laurence, Barry Serafin and Sylvia Chase, as well as off-camera stars like Richard Kaplan, a talented producer with the Cronkite team. Admits one CBS hand: "We're hemorrhaging."

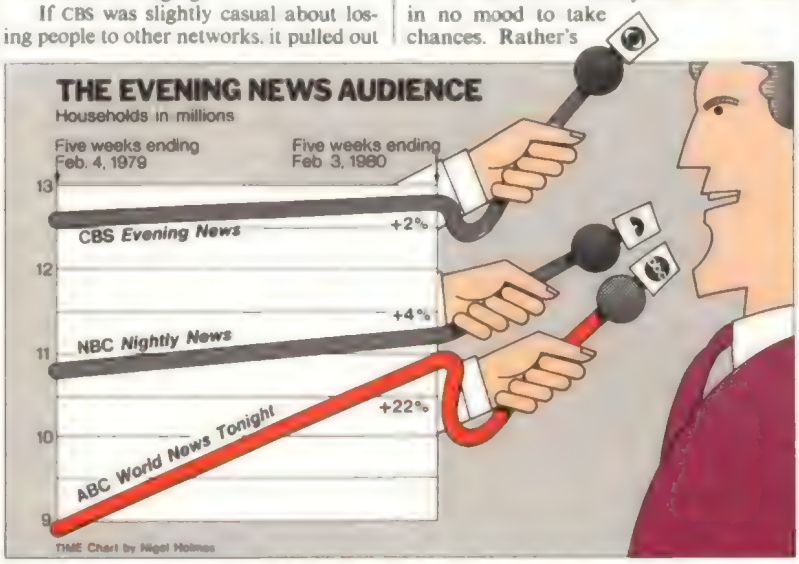
If CBS was slightly casual about losing people to other networks, it pulled out all the stops when word got out that Rather was talking to Arledge. Losing Cronkite to retirement would be hard enough without having to butt heads with the formidable Rather. No one had to be reminded that CBS opened up its ratings lead only when Chet Huntley retired in 1970 from NBC's *Huntley-Brinkley Report*.

Cronkite first gained national repute at the 1952 political conventions, where CBS coined the term anchor to describe his role. In 1962, at age 45, he took over the evening news and gradually assumed a stature approaching the President's. Says Eric Sevareid, a former colleague at CBS who retired in 1977: "People see Cronkite as they used to see Eisenhower—the fellow next door who'd invite you to his backyard barbecue, and a world statesman at the same time."

Replacing him was unthinkable, and would-be successors—like Harry Reasoner, heir apparent in the late 1960s—either left or steeled themselves for a long wait. When Reasoner finally moved on, he remarked: "Walter Cronkite was showing no inclination toward stepping in front of a speeding truck."

By 1973, Roger Mudd had established himself as Cronkite's summer replacement and likely successor. But in the next years, the smart money began shifting to Rather. With his stints in London and Viet Nam, he had a broader range of experience. He got along better with superiors and subalterns. And he had a special air about him. "Star quality was important with Murrow, with Huntley and Brinkley and with Walter," says ABC's Barbara Walters. "Dan has star quality too, and he is a good newsman."

The competition for Rather began last November, when CBS's Bill Leonard broached the subject of a long-term contract. Rather was already committed to the network until September 1981, but after the exodus of so many staffers CBS was in no mood to take chances. Rather's agent, Richard Leibner, advised him to shop around. Although the newsman claims he did not want a bidding war, he told Leibner to contact ABC and NBC.



Despite Rather's friendship with Bill Small at NBC, it quickly became a two-way contest between CBS and ABC. For a while, ABC was ahead. The flexibility there, the streamlined hierarchy, the willingness to experiment, all appealed to Rather. He was also highly impressed with Arledge, likening his energy and creativity to that of his boss at *60 Minutes*, Executive Producer Don Hewitt.

But Rather was mindful that while ABC was becoming stronger, CBS already had legions of talented people. As a former network executive points out, "Without an organization like CBS behind him, Rather could find himself in the position of the cavalry captain who charges off against the enemy and discovers that he is out there all alone."

The bidding for Rather signaled more than a willingness to spend top money for top talent. For each of the networks, and especially CBS, it was an acknowledgment that perhaps the time had come for a fundamental shift in the way news is presented. Rather has a harder edge than any of his predecessors. He is not reassuring like Cronkite, not professorial like Chancellor, not chummy like Reynolds.

In effect, it was a multimillion-dollar gamble. The most authoritative measure of celebrity popularity, the Q ratings prepared by Marketing Evaluations Inc. on Long Island, N.Y., shows that Rather elicits a high positive response from more viewers than any of the other news personalities, including Cronkite. Still, that is no guarantee that he will do well on the evening news. The transition from Cronkite to Rather is certain to be jarring. Viewers also can be very quirky, if often uncannily accurate, in their judgments about anchors—whether they are trustworthy, capable, even decent. The key question is how well Rather will wear, whether he will be figuratively invited into living rooms as Cronkite is.

Rather knows that such invitations are not extended lightly. "It is a very strange chemistry," he says. "We know that intelligence, intensity, integrity—all of which help develop believability—are necessary. We know that a good reporter does not always make a good anchor and vice versa. Being a good writer is certainly handy, but the best writers are not the best anchormen."

As the Rather era dawns and the Cronkite age recedes, television news faces closer examination than ever before. Not since Viet Nam has the American public been so aware of TV's enormous impact—and its immensely frustrating shortcomings. Flickering images of mobs in Tehran mugging for cameramen, and the spectacle of Iranian leaders bypassing U.S. officials to speak with TV correspondents, have set off a debate over television diplomacy and the dangers of media manipulation. Special interests, whether they be farmers driving their tractors to the White House to demand price supports or students burning draft cards to protest conscription, continue to get television's eye simply by creating a commotion. Meanwhile, many pressing but complicated national issues, like energy and SALT, are often given only the most cursory treatment, in part because they defy simplistic pictorial presentations.

Television's intrusions into the political process have never been so obvious as they are in this presidential campaign. One of the landmark events of the election season has been Senator Edward Kennedy's woeful performance Nov. 4 in an interview with CBS's Roger Mudd. Had Kennedy given the same answers in print, a few pundits would have turned purple at his stumbling, but voters would have paid little notice. At the same time, TV can restore what TV taketh away; two weeks ago Kennedy received a gust of upbeat publicity by staging a telegenic mock debate against

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Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method.
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar 0.5 mg 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
Golden Lights: 8 mg.'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

the tape-recorded voice of President Carter.

As striking as it can be when it covers a papal trip or wartime drama, television news is often unsatisfying. The reason has been the same since the first 15-min. broadcast in 1948: not enough time. "TV still basically indexes rather than reports the news," grouses Fred Friendly. Cronkite agrees: "I think we have been on a plateau. The only way we can improve the news measurably is to go to an hour. We need that desperately."

An hourlong newscast was seriously considered by all three networks in 1976; it faded when NBC abandoned the idea because of the unwillingness among its affiliate stations to yield half an hour of local time. Yet the stepped-up competition among the networks suggests that a reconsideration cannot be too far off.

The commercial networks will get a prod in the direction of providing more news come June, when Atlanta Braves Owner Ted Turner launches his Cable News Network. CNN will feature round-the-clock news highlighted by a prime-time broadcast from 8 to 10 p.m. The new network will also provide extensive coverage of sports and business, topics that get little attention on the major networks' evening news. Although a midget by commercial standards, CNN promises to be a feisty competitor, with seven domestic and three foreign bureaus reporting to its Atlanta headquarters. Turner has budgeted more than $20 million for the first year of operation and pledges to spend whatever is required to make CNN succeed.

ABC's rejuvenation has already substantially improved the quality of the network news on a night-to-night basis. The speed with which television reports events is a technological marvel. Says Bill Leonard of CBS: "TV has become like radio in its instant global capability. In the past two years, thanks to the satellite and the electronic camera [giving reporters the ability to transmit from the field], we have a capability that is immeasurably larger."

Television crews get better footage than ever because new lightweight videotape cameras, called minicams, give them greater mobility. Another important advance is the Chiron, a device that projects symbols, graphs and subtitles on the screen. The key words of a major speech can now easily be shown, and complicated economic stories can be untangled with

At headquarters in Manhattan ABC's news team maps out the day; Senior Producer Richard Kaplan sits at his command post on the bridge

Now Here's the News . . .

It is 10 a.m. on Thursday, Feb. 14, and 33 people are crowding into the scruffy conference room at ABC's Manhattan news center on West 66th Street. Some stand, some sit on boxes of supplies—ABC does not waste money on frills—while eleven others sit around a long conference table studded with microphones. The microphones connect this office with bureaus in Washington, Chicago, Atlanta, Miami, Dallas and Los Angeles, where other people are waiting.

Assistants read the day's assignments and other possible stories: there may be a breakthrough in the Iranian stalemate, there is trouble in Turkey and Lebanon, and Richard Nixon is arriving in Manhattan. Most of the stories have already been scheduled or discussed, and the reading goes swiftly, with only an occasional comment from Senior Producer Richard Kaplan or from his boss, Executive Producer Jeff Gralnick, who is calling in from Washington today. "We want to get into Turkey and Beirut," says Gralnick, "and we want to do it soon." Kaplan replies: "We'll get on to it, Jeff." At 10:20 the meeting disbands.

In ABC's eight domestic and eleven foreign bureaus, correspondents and camera crews go off on their assignments. On any one day there are approximately 20 three- to- six-person crews at work around the world. ABC News employs more than 800 people; CBS and NBC are still slightly larger, with about 1,000 employees each.

In New York, Kaplan and Senior Producer Walter Porges take seats around a horseshoe-shaped command post that they call the bridge. Phones are everywhere, and there are two TV screens connected to computers. Without even having to whirl to one side, they can find out the latest on stories or watch footage coming in from the "birds"—otherwise known as satellites. The atmosphere is decidely informal.

At about 3 p.m. the satellite feeds begin to come in from overseas. Most of them are routed through London, where Peter Jennings, one of the show's three anchormen, is always stationed to read foreign news. London is five hours ahead of New York, and Jennings has already taped his segments, which are fed, along with everything else, into a warren of machines in the basement of 7 West 66th. There sound is meshed with video. The recent purchase of new equipment has greatly speeded up the complicated mixing process. Nonetheless, there is a frantic rush each afternoon; everything must be ready by 6. The other networks offer their affiliates a choice of only a 6:30 or 7 p.m. broadcast, but since the days when it had to try harder, ABC has always given its stations three choices.

As taped reports come in, each correspondent's words are transcribed and sent to the bridge, where Kaplan and Porges look at them. If they feel something is missing or needs to be changed, they ask the correspondent to do the report over again. In today's lead story about the hostages, for instance, U.N. Correspondent Lou Cioffi has begun his report with an interview with Irish Statesman Séan McBride, who has been acting as a mediator. Kaplan thinks that McBride should go at the end of the piece, and the change is made.

The only domestic reporter who is not edited beforehand

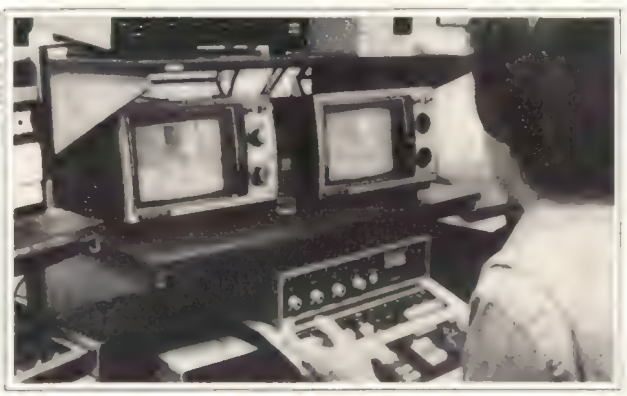
Chiron-generated charts and tables. But doubts linger about how TV journalists will use their new technical skills. Bill Moyers places the challenge on Arledge's lap: "The test is whether Roone's talent for technology will be spent making the important interesting or the trivial acceptable."

The technological advances can have undesired side effects. In their zeal to get news fast and get it first, correspondents are sometimes forced to skip over stories that require much digging. "Strangely enough," says Rather, "the new competitiveness has not resulted in more stories being broken on the air."

Perhaps too much is expected of television. Because it can shrink the world with a satellite signal, people tend to think of it as a total journalistic service. "We are not," says Chancellor. "We could be on three hours a night and could not produce a Russell Baker column or an Art Buchwald piece or a Jeff MacNelly cartoon. Television is good at the transmission of experience. Print is better at the transmission of facts."

In addition, television has no equivalent of the editorial page, except for the uneven efforts at editorializing by local stations. There are also no direct comparisons to the pundits and social critics of the Op-Ed page. The virtual absence of regular commentary on network TV is a relatively new development, dating from Sevareid's retirement from CBS and Howard K. Smith's resignation from ABC last year. Network producers are so hard-pressed to tell all the news they have in 22 minutes or so that they understandably view a three-minute sermonette, no matter how intelligent and concise, as expendable. A pity. The network radio commentaries of such TV news stars as Chancellor and Cronkite are ample proof that print journalists do not have a monopoly on brains or wit. Argues Bill Moyers: "It isn't enough to have a procession of facts driven across your attention span. You need a human mind that asks, 'What does this mean?' "

The differences between TV and print are also reflected in the way their respective journalists gather the news. A print reporter works the nooks and crannies of a story, searching for detail and nuance that lead to comprehensiveness. Since he is unobtrusive, carrying little more than a pencil and a notebook, he can pick up the natural flow and feel of an event. When his report appears on paper, it becomes a tangible memory to be examined at will. By contrast, a television crew arrives on the scene like a detachment of troops. The correspondent works on his



In Washington, a camerawoman films Correspondent Sam Donaldson at the White House; a technician processes the tape for transmission

is White House Correspondent Sam Donaldson, or "Sudden Sam," as he is sometimes called because his taped reports come in so close to deadline. Today, for instance, Donaldson is so busy tracking down news of a possible hostage settlement with Iran that he does not finish taping his stand-up report from the White House lawn until two minutes before air time. Still, Donaldson has discussed his reports and has gone through a kind of verbal editing earlier in the day.

At five minutes to 6, the captains on the bridge pick up their papers and rush down to the control room in the basement, where seven or eight technicians are already in place. There, facing a wall of TV screens, they orchestrate the broadcast. Porges makes sure that each segment adheres to its time schedule. Because of commercials there are only 22 minutes for news in the half-hour broadcast, not a second more. If something runs long or short, the two domestic anchormen—Tom Jarriel in Chicago and Frank Reynolds in Washington—have been given compensating sentences they can drop or add. Kaplan gives them directions through their earphones.

The 6 o'clock broadcast is like an out-of-town tryout, and changes are always made for the next show at 6:30. Tonight Kaplan does not like a head shot of John Connally. "He looks like hell," he says, and a young woman runs to find one that is more flattering. He is also unhappy with a Washington report by Tim O'Brien about an FBI crackdown on pornography. Says he: "O'Brien needs another eight seconds." As a result of the change, a bit about flooding in Los Angeles is discarded.

Speaking directly to Jarriel, who has been recapping the day's events at the Winter Olympics, Kaplan tells him that he has, through an error in the copy, reduced the 1,500-meter women's speed-skating race to 15 meters; he is told to add another 1,485 meters at 6:30. Later, Kaplan tells Jarriel how he himself knew the difference. "I got a call from a redheaded fellow who cares about these things." Translation: News Head Roone Arledge had been watching in Lake Placid.

The 6:30 show is taped in its entirety, and if nothing goes wrong, the tape is simply replayed at 7. Tonight's broadcast was good, but Max Robinson, who is subbing for Reynolds in Washington tonight, says that he misread his opening. Though nobody else had noticed, he forgot to say the word "near," as in "the framework of a plan to free the hostages is in place or near at hand." The mistake is not very important, but Robinson nonetheless goes live for the first few seconds of the third show to rectify the error.

At 7:30 everyone scatters; still that is not the end of Thursday's nightly news. At 10:15 the chief producers hold a conference call from their homes to review the show just finished and plan the one to follow. Tonight, for example, there are some harsh words about the O'Brien piece on pornography—"It didn't tell much about what happened," Kaplan says—and there are questions about why there was no report on a $700 million settlement that American Oil Co. made with the Government to satisfy price-gouging charges. The answer, that it was too complicated to explain in a brief time slot, satisfies no one. Yet Kaplan is happy with what he and his colleagues have done. "I'm pretty pleased," he says. And 17.6 million people who watched with him probably agreed.

stage before a gawking public, the cameras whirring and the lights blazing. He sketches the skeleton of a story but the viewers must often find its flesh elsewhere.

Discovering and training topflight TV correspondents is difficult. Says Sevareid: "The practical problem is getting people who have some compelling quality of personality on-camera, but who can also think, report and write. Television news is still partly show business." Unfortunately, the sudden glamour of local TV news has undermined the traditional apprentice system. More and more wouldbe anchormen go directly from college into broadcasting. Dan Rather would like to see the old route up restored: "We should never hire anyone without at least two years of print experience."

For his part, Rather promises to lobby for at least 15 minutes more of news every night, as well as a weekly half-an-hour or hour special report. He also wants sharper writing, snappier graphics and a more varied rhythm for the *CBS Evening News*. "As an anchor, I will not be chained to a desk," says Rather, who tends to lofty declamation. "My vision is to be on the cutting edge of stories a great deal of time." In a spirit somewhat at odds with the conservative traditions of the Cronkite broadcast, Rather promises that he will demand innovation. Says he: "I want to slam things to the edge."

The 1980s will surely be a time of explosive growth for television news, and not just because of the public's increasing appetite for information. Explains Westin: "With the advent of cable, discs and cassettes, people will be able to play on their screens what they want when they want. Sports and news will remain among the few things that have to be aired when they happen. Clearly, those are our targets for the future." All of this will lead to bigger profits for news divisions, and if Rather is right, better journalism as well. Says he: "We will have more people, better equipment, more overseas bureaus and better broadcasts."

Whether the current explosion of TV news turns into Rather's brave new world of broadcast journalism is as uncertain as the outcome of next week's Nielsens. Indeed, there is no guarantee even that Rather will be around to enjoy it. It took Walter Cronkite years to forge his almost mystical bond of trust with the viewing public. In the present competitive climate, Rather may not have the luxury of that much time. "If commitment and hard work will do it," says Rather with characteristic self-possession, "then I'll be a success." But in the TV news business, as in news itself, stories do not always have a happy ending. Rather's attempt to replace Cronkite will be worth watching in itself. It could be the sort of spectacle in which reality makes better TV than fiction. And that's the way it is. ■

CARL MYDANS

The day his job decision is due, Rather breakfasts in his apartment and reads the news

The Houston Hurricane

Dan Rather is a country boy in a hurry

For all the hours he has logged on the air and on the road, Dan Rather made his most celebrated TV appearance so far in the space of some ten seconds. The date was March 19, 1974, the place Houston, where Richard Nixon was holding a news conference at a convention of the National Association of Broadcasters. Those were the dying days of Watergate, and everyone in the hall anticipated excitement if Nixon's least favorite television reporter asked a question. Sure enough, up stood Rather—to an outbreak of applause and jeers from the onlooking broadcasters. When the noise died down, Nixon asked, "Are you running for something?" Rather answered quickly, "No, sir, Mr. President. Are you?"

Not long afterward CBS yanked Rather from the White House, then occupied by Gerald Ford, and the speculation surrounding that move centered on the propriety of Rather's Houston response: Had he stood up to the President or had he sassed him? Yet Nixon's question was oddly on target. Rather was indeed running for something that night, had been running for it all of his adult life, and would continue to do so long after Nixon resigned. He made his goal perfectly clear to the network executives bidding for his services: "I'd like to lead, and I want to be the best reporter of my time." Rather does not claim to be there yet, but when he takes over for Walter Cronkite next year, an immense audience will be on hand to watch him try.

Someone else in this spotlight might be daunted by the big bucks and the pressures they will generate, but evidently not Rather: "I believe I am as good as anybody." That self-confidence worked admirably for him during his more than 18 years at CBS. He rose through the ranks simply by being more aggressive and tenacious than the competition, working as many hours a day as his assignment called for and then adding a few more for good measure. Rather's ascent was also aided by his craggy good looks—no handicap in a visual medium—and by a canny sense of what the tube could do for him. He left nothing about his on-camera appearances to chance, including apparently spur-of-the-moment remarks. "We all give prior thought to our ad libs," says CBS News Correspondent Robert Pierpoint, "but Dan even writes down the colloquialisms in his ad libs. He thinks them through, and they give his stuff a quality." Indeed, Rather's Lone Star tropes have become something of a trademark. Interviewing G.O.P. Presidential Contender George Bush last month on *60 Minutes*, Rather remarked, "To use a Texas phrase, there are people who say that George Bush is a nice fellow but that he's all hat and no cattle." Translation: some people think that Bush has no constituency.

"You're talking about the creation of an image," says one colleague and longtime Rather watcher. "It wasn't exactly bad for Dan Rather to have Richard Nixon after him. He was the perfect image of the tough reporter covering the Nixon White House. He's a guy who psyched out the networks, and particularly his own, a long time ago. He built Dan Rather."

If so, the product exists both on and off the screen: a soft-spoken Texan in a Savile Row suit, easygoing in a down-home country way and clearly in a big

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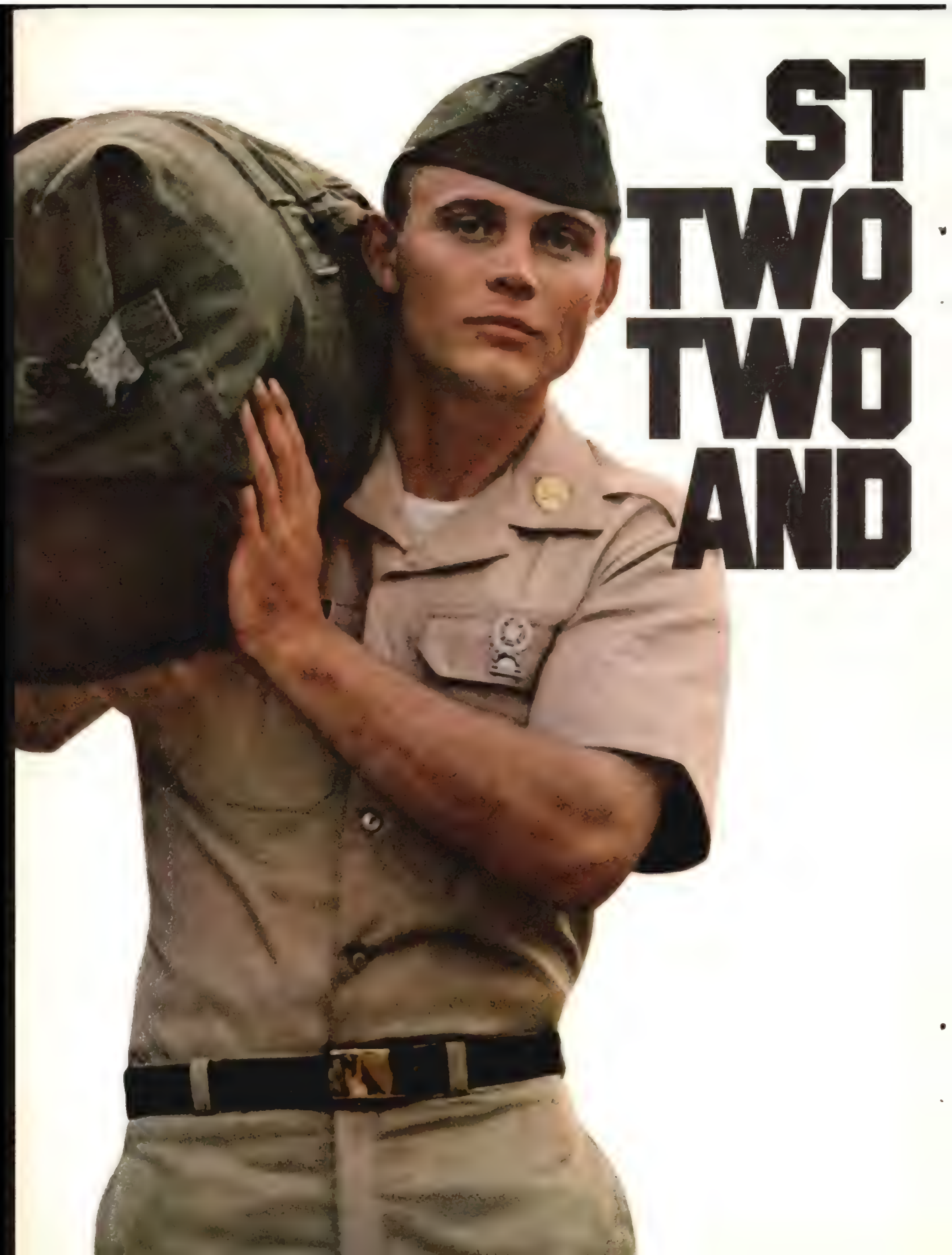
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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hurry, an adopted Easterner who has polished his background instead of forgetting it. The son of a pipeline worker and a waitress, Rather grew up in Houston and played end on his high school football team, hoping to win an athletic scholarship when he graduated. The only place interested enough to take a look was Sam Houston State Teachers College. Rather's mother cashed in two $25 savings bonds, and he became the first member of his family in anyone's memory to attend college. The scholarship never materialized, but a dedicated journalism teacher named Hugh Cunningham virtually adopted Rather, found him odd jobs (he made 40¢ an hour doing various chores, including announcing, at a local radio station) and drilled him constantly on the fundamentals of newsgathering. "He had the ambition to go to the top," says Cunningham, now an assistant to the president of the University of Florida. "I always felt he'd go as far as he wanted to go."

To Rather that was Houston, at least for a while. A part-time stint at the Houston *Chronicle* reminded him that he was a poor speller; when a better paying broadcasting job beckoned, he jumped. Once on the air, he managed to mispronounce words like heroin (heroyne), variable (var'ble) and miniature (minichoor). Radio station KTRH gave him time to improve, and while there, he met his future wife, Jean Goebel, who also worked for the station, as a secretary. In 1960 Rather joined KHOU-TV, the CBS affiliate in Houston, and a short time later literally reaped the whirlwind. As Hurricane Carla moved toward the Texas coast in September 1961, Rather took a remote unit to Galveston, where he organized the transmission of radar pictures of the huge storm to home screens and kept talking throughout three days of high wind and water. His derring-do and endurance caught the eye of CBS. Walter Cronkite remarked admiringly, if incorrectly, that Rather "was up to his ass in water moccasins." The network offered Rather a correspondent's job at $17,500 a year. Happily settled in his Houston post, he thought twice and then accepted.

Over the next thirteen years Rather seemed to turn up everywhere the news was biggest or the danger worst. He covered civil-rights violence throughout the South. He was in Dallas almost by accident on Nov. 22, 1963, and he coordinated nearly four days of the Kennedy assassination coverage from the scene. CBS rewarded him with the job of White House correspondent in the new L.B.J. Administration, then offered him the plum of a foreign assignment. With London as his base, Rather soon found himself dodging shells on the India-Pakistan border, watching the beginnings of a civil war in Greece, staring at armed and edgy Red Chinese soldiers down the Natu La pass in the Himalayas. He hounded the home office for an assignment in Viet Nam and spent nearly a year there. A different kind of combat duty awaited him back in the U.S. He was punched in the stomach by one of Mayor Daley's security guards on the floor of the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

Within a year or so, Rather realized that anchor positions were opening up on the CBS weekend news shows and that he was not getting them. He went to then News Vice President Gordon Manning to complain. "Manning said, 'We think you are as good a reporter as we've got, but we don't think you are as good leadership material as we've got,' " Rather recalls. "I found myself saying, 'Nuts to you, Johnny, I've been to hell and back for this organization, and I think I can do anything you've got to do.' " Rather finally got a weekend anchor assignment added to his duties as CBS man at the Nixon White House, but the feeling that he had arbitrarily been ruled out as ever being successor to Cronkite still rankled. His 1977 autobiography *The Camera Never Blinks* (written with Mickey Herskowitz) amounted to effective lobbying over the heads of the network brass and toward the public at large. The book was a best-seller in both hardback and paperback. Says Rather today: "I suddenly found myself in a very competitive race, not of my making. But if I am in this race, I intend to win it."

Rather as a radio announcer in the 1950s

Mispronouncing variable (var'ble).

And so he did, but without acquiring the legion of enemies that often surround driven achievers. Competitors who have been steamrollered by Rather in pursuit of a story frequently remember how polite he was as he beat them out. Journalists who have traveled with him give him high marks for generosity and grace under pressure. TIME Correspondent Dean Brelis, who covered the Viet Nam War for NBC, recalls Rather as a friendly rival. "He consistently shared his ration of information, and if he had food, he'd share that too." Says one colleague: "Rather is the most courteous man I have ever met. I remember one time in Europe we had finished taping, and the sound man really did a terrible job. Dan wrote him a note and thanked him for a job well done anyway." Adds another coworker: "He genuinely likes people, and they respond to him. He is not uneasy about being among regular folk."

Rather possesses few of the trappings that are supposed to accompany celebrity and wealth. He has no sailboat, summer place, city town house or even a car. He keeps himself too busy to use them. Home is a comfortable six-room co-op apartment on Manhattan's East Side, furnished in a combination of modern and Early American styles. Daughter Robin, 21, attends Tufts University, where she is captain of the girls' basketball team; Son Danjack, 19, is a student at Columbia and frequently comes downtown to meet his father for lunch. Rather's schedule as a *60 Minutes* regular keeps him in the air and on the road some eight months a year. Accustomed to long periods of time on her own, Jean Rather paints (several of her oils hang in the apartment), goes gallery and museum hopping and plays a fierce game of tennis (she can wipe her husband off the court).

Rather's tempo away from New York varies with the assignment. At home, he jogs up and down Park or Madison Avenue four days a week to unwind; when he finds time to read, he picks up books recommended by his wife or a work by a particular favorite, Novelist Walker Percy. He rarely attends parties, although he and Jean are enthusiastic theatergoers. When the Rathers entertain, the guest list is usually limited to a few friends; he and *60 Minutes* colleague Mike Wallace are especially close. On a free evening, Rather is likely to spend hours on long-distance, chatting across time zones with acquaintances from his well-traveled past. He picks up and goes fishing occasionally, and he and Jean take periods off to vacation with her mother in Texas.

In *The Camera Never Blinks* Rather writes, "I am not, never have been, a natural smiler." In truth, he can slip into sobersided pomposity at the best of times. Phoning CBS News President William Leonard to announce his decision, Rather intoned, "I have decided to make a new covenant of excellence at CBS." Later that day, though, he seemed to have no difficulty beaming at the press conference announcing his appointment. Spectators had trouble deciding which was more photogenic, the wreaths of smoke from Cronkite's pipe or Rather's dazzling grin. "I would be a candidate for the funny farm if I claimed that this has been an agony for me," he says of the negotiations and their outcome. "It has been joyous." Why not? To take a page from Rather's notebook: he is in the tall cotton now, sitting in the catbird seat. ■

The Hesitant Recession

TIME's *economists see a milder downturn and still higher prices*

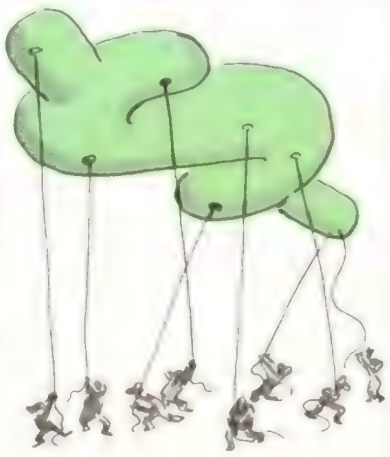
An economy that stubbornly refuses to cool off, consumers who will not stop spending, prices that keep on rising and, looming on the horizon, the biggest new inflationary jolt of defense spending since the Viet Nam War.

That was the gloomy backdrop last week as TIME's Board of Economists gathered in New York City for a look at how the economy is shaping up in light of Jimmy Carter's proposed new budget for fiscal year 1981. The view ahead was hardly encouraging. At almost every turn, the economists found the budget bloated with new spending, much of it camouflaged by various forms of financial and fiscal prestidigitation. They saw the economy itself remaining dangerously inflated, yet in a fundamental sense growing weaker and less productive as the year progresses. Summed up Board Member Beryl Sprinkel: "The budget is far more expansionary than is consistent with anti-inflation policy."

As if to underscore the inflation danger, January wholesale prices released last week showed a jump of 1.6%, or a compound annual rate of 21%, the largest such wholesale price rise in five years.

In a perverse way, one of the most discouraging projections of all was the board's consensus forecast that a recession for 1980 now looks to be a somewhat milder affair than the 2.4% overall slump that had been predicted as recently as last December. Recession is certainly painful for anyone thrown out of work, but without at least a temporary economic downturn there is no real hope of slowing the price spiral.

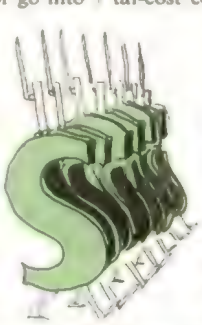
At its December meeting, the board anticipated that last autumn's rise in interest rates and the resulting tightening of credit would lead to a sharp 4% annualized drop in economic activity during the first half of 1980, as consumers cut back on spending, businessmen laid



off workers, and the economy itself began to slow. This was to be followed by a modest autumn rebound, and a return to real growth by year's end.

But rising interest costs, which the Federal Reserve pushed up again last week by raising the rate it charges member banks to 13%, have not slowed consumer spending. Moreover, mild winter weather has made it easier to go shopping and eased the strain on home heating budgets. This has helped to fatten consumer pocketbooks, enabling people to keep on spending though wages have not kept pace with inflation.

Yet the strength of sales was puzzling to the board. Guest Member Gary Wenglowski, of the Wall Street investment firm Goldman Sachs, explained the willingness of consumers to spend and spend by arguing that inflation has so bloated the value of residential housing that anyone with a home of his own has now come to look on it as a sort of savings account that one can live in. The result, he said, is that people have been increasingly willing to dip into their nest eggs or go into debt to support their living standards. Joseph Pechman of Washington's Brookings Institution, on the other hand, suggested that much of the shopping splurge has been attributable to a consumer compulsion to buy now before prices shoot into orbit. Yet Brookings Economist Arthur Okun noted that considerable spending has been for goods like furniture and clothing, which have been rising in price far more slowly than other consumer items.



Whatever the motivation, the spree shows no immediate signs of slackening. Retail sales in January rose an unexpectedly sharp 2.3% over the December level, and the board now foresees no downturn in the first quarter at all. After a very mild 1.7% overall decline, the members expect a return to real growth by early 1981. Indeed, some board members, including Wenglowski and Pechman, are beginning to wonder whether anything worthy of being called a recession is likely to develop at all.

Much, of course, depends on the ultimate size and shape of the fiscal 1981 budget that Carter submitted to Congress three weeks ago. The bigger the budget and the larger the deficit, the more difficult it will be to restrain the expansion of both money and credit in the economy and hold price rises in check. Yet one board member after another agreed that much of the budget, which Carter projects to reach $616 billion with a deficit of $15.8 billion, is already expanding out

of control. Said Pechman bluntly: "Fiscal policy is simply too loose in this situation; it is bordering on the irresponsible."

The Administration also seemed, to Economist Sprinkel, to be "playing fast and loose with the numbers" in the budget. Example: sharp cuts are proposed for such sacred cow items as aid to education, Medicare and Medicaid funding, and the Administration's long-stalled hospital-cost containment bill. But Congressmen are almost certain to go ahead and continue providing lavishly for those pet programs anyway.

Some of the budget's most wishful thinking of all is in defense spending. Though spending is projected to rise 3.3% in real terms during fiscal 1981, none of the increases reflects the military buildup that Carter has committed the U.S. to as a result of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Com-

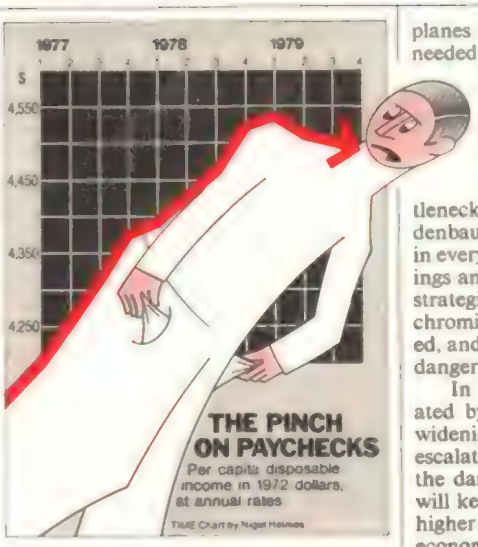
Illustrations for TIME by Arnie Levin

plained Economist Alan Greenspan of the New York consulting firm of Townsend-Greenspan: "To pretend that this budget is up to date when everyone knows that it is not is a bit of public relations that one could do without."

A whole array of defense spending categories now seems certain to grow substantially. Greenspan expects the fiscal 1980 budget that is already in force to increase by approximately $1.3 billion simply to cover the increased cost of fuel for military training maneuvers.

Personnel costs will also rise. Faced with skilled manpower weaknesses, the Pentagon is going to have to build up the quality of the nation's 2 million–strong armed forces in the early 1980s. But that will require pay increases well above the 7.4% in raises now budgeted for fiscal 1981. Said Washington University's Murray Weidenbaum: "The budget projections on this point through 1983 are totally unbelievable. The Administration has personnel expenditures rising only $500 million in fiscal 1982, or a mere 1.5%, and even less the following year."

Economists Weidenbaum, Greenspan and Pechman each estimated that increased defense outlays next year will boost fiscal 1981's defense spending by more than $7 billion, to about $150 billion. Said Sprinkel: "It may not be a guns-and-butter budget, but it is at least guns and margarine."



In fact, defense outlays would probably swell the deficit even more, in Weidenbaum's view, if industry and the private economy were capable of rapidly filling the lengthy shopping list of ships, planes and materiel that will soon be needed. They will be necessary to plug the gaps that are likely to be created when the Pentagon begins drawing together the equipment required to shape up the 100,000-man Rapid Deployment Force that Carter wants. Production bottlenecks are inevitable, explained Weidenbaum, because supply shortages exist in everything from specialty steels to castings and forgings. Additionally, a host of strategic minerals such as manganese, chromium and titanium, must be imported, and disruption of supply is an obvious danger.

In the Viet Nam era, the peril created by runaway spending was an ever widening budget deficit and a consequent escalation of inflation. But to Wenglowski, the danger now is that surging inflation will keep pushing people into higher and higher tax brackets, draining the private economy of funds for wealth- and job-creating investment. That in turn crimps productivity and gives yet another source of upward momentum to inflation. The dilemma, of course, is that cutting taxes to stimulate investment simply balloons the deficit, which also tends to nudge up inflation. Said Tax Expert Pechman: "Unless expenditures are cut, there is simply

Infatuation with Controls

While wage and price controls are still anathema to the vast majority of economists and White House policymakers, a rising chorus is beginning to demand their imposition. Senator Edward Kennedy has centered the economic proposals of his presidential campaign on a six-month wage and price freeze. Barry Bosworth, who directed the Carter inflation guidelines program for two years, now favors mandatory controls. Even a number of conservatives are reluctantly swinging toward controls. Brookings Institution President Bruce MacLaury now supports wage and price restrictions, and Wall Street Banker Henry Kaufman says controls can make a "marginal contribution" in fighting inflation. In a CBS–New York *Times* poll last month, 65% of the respondents supported Government limits on wage and price increases, while 26% opposed them.

Throughout history, controls have seemed a tempting quick fix for inflation. Nearly 40 centuries ago, the Babylonian King Hammurabi established wage and price limits. They set, for example, the annual wage of a field worker at eight gur (75 bu.) of corn and that of a herdsman at six gur (56.25 bu.). The Roman Emperor Diocletian in A.D. 301 published official price lists that included artichokes and transportation by camel; any gougers were executed. The most recent American experience with general controls was President Nixon's 1971-74 program of freezes, followed by varying degrees of restraint.

From Hammurabi to Nixon, wage and price limits have been almost universally disastrous. Hoarding and scarcities quickly develop as businessmen either stop producing goods or store them rather than sell at a loss. Mammoth and costly bureaucracies soon tell the corner pharmacist how much to charge for aspirin or a gas station owner whether he can give his mechanic an extra $5 a week. In the U.S., the World War II controls program required 60,000 full-time officials, plus another 300,000 volunteer price checkers.

Once controls are removed, prices almost always explode. The highest annual inflation rate in the U.S. during the past 60 years (18.2%) occurred in 1946, following removal of World War II restrictions. After studying the 1971-74 Nixon program, Princeton Economists Alan S. Blinder and William J. Newton concluded that by early 1975 those controls actually increased inflation by almost 1% over what it would otherwise have been during those years. Reason: policymakers simultaneously removed most restraints on fiscal and monetary policy and thus overheated the economy.

The current inability to arrest price increases has led to the new flirtation with old solutions. Economist Walter Heller still opposes them but says that "somewhere along the line, a dose of wage-price controls may be what is necessary to give the economy some shock treatments and to lower us out of this inflation orbit." Adds Bosworth: "The choices to stop inflation are either a recession, with 10% unemployment for three years, or controls."

A major barrier to legal wage and price restrictions is that, unlike Nixon in 1971, Carter does not have stand-by power to impose them. The overwhelming majority in Congress still opposes such measures. Most labor leaders and business executives would undoubtedly rush to post "anticipatory" increases in wages and prices if Congress seriously debated granting the President authority to impose controls. Another constraint might be White House resignations. Anti-inflation Adviser Alfred Kahn favors some credit controls but says he would quit if wage-price limits were introduced.

Yet if high inflation continues, opinions could change. Next week a House subcommittee plans to hold hearings on a bill to authorize mandatory controls. Senator Henry Jackson predicts that, because of the "sheer frustration" of fighting the losing battle against inflation, Congress by this summer will give Carter the power to restrict salaries and costs. But, new wage and price controls would be like Lexicographer Samuel Johnson's description of a second marriage: the triumph of hope over experience.

no room in the budget for a tax cut now for another five years."

About the only encouraging prediction to emerge from the meeting was the crossed-fingers forecast of Economist David Grove that remorselessly rising petroleum prices might not bring on the worldwide financial turmoil that moneymen have been fearing. During the past year, oil-starved Third World nations such as Brazil and Korea have had to borrow billions from Western banks to pay for petroleum imports, as well as to cover even the interest on their previous debts, which already total $300 billion. Some of the largest U.S. banks are now approaching their lending limits, and bankers have started to worry about whether the cash-strapped borrowers will ever be able to pay their debts.

But Grove calculates that U.S. banks can still increase their lending during the year ahead by an additional 10% over 1979 levels. Thus, if European banks, which last year lent about 85% of all Third World borrowing, were to be equally forthcoming this year, Third World borrowers would probably be able to squeak through. In short, the feared large-scale loan defaults do not loom as likely. ■

How Much Did Bill Miller Know?

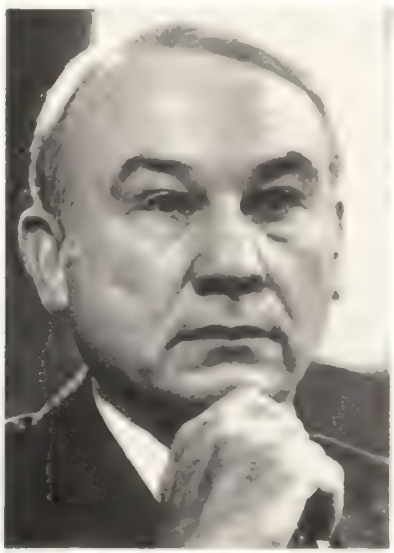
Lingering questions bedevil the Treasury Secretary

"Am I ever to be free?" That plaintive question was asked two weeks ago by Treasury Secretary G. William Miller as the Senate Banking Committee debated the appointment of a special prosecutor to look into charges of foreign bribes and Defense Department slush funds while he was chairman of Textron Inc. Answered California Senator Alan Cranston sternly: "The lingering doubt remains, from which you may never be free, that perhaps you didn't really want to know or you would have ordered an investigation." Two years after the allegations against Miller first surfaced, they continue to hound him.

The repeated charges and investigations have already begun to erode the Treasury Secretary's effectiveness as the nation's chief financial officer. Normally affable and confident, Miller has become truculent and testy after spending distracting hours huddling with his lawyer and countering questions by reporters. Policy clout is now beginning to drift away from the Treasury Department. Since Miller took office six months ago, his top deputies for domestic and international economic affairs have both resigned.

Miller's power ultimately rests on his retaining the confidence of Jimmy Carter. The Treasury Secretary was originally popular around the White House because he was a team player who defended Administration policy in public. But Carter has been warned by advisers to avoid an all-out "My Boy Bill" defense of Miller. Says Brookings Institution Economist Joseph Pechman: "Even if he continues to preside over economic policy, the President himself will naturally lose some confidence as a result of this episode." Impressions of Miller's vulnerability are already seeping into the business community. Concludes Bank of America President A.W. Clausen: "Bill Miller's effectiveness shouldn't be influenced by this, but I guess it will."

The case of G. William Miller reads like a business-mystery novel—with the last chapter missing. The Treasury Secretary confidently told the Senate Banking Committee two years ago during hearings for his confirmation as Federal Reserve chairman: "I do know my company did not bribe anybody." But the Securities and Exchange Commission charges that Textron's Bell Helicopter division spent $5.4 million in foreign kickbacks in ten countries between 1971 and 1978. The largest was the $2.9 million payment to a firm, owned in part by the deposed Shah of Iran's brother-in-law, in connection with the purchase of 489 helicopters for $500 million. The SEC also revealed that Textron, a major defense contractor, spent $600,000 between 1971 and 1978 entertaining Pentagon officials in violation of Defense Department rules.



Textron's former boss in Washington
"Am I ever to be free?"

Fearful that Textron's affairs would become public, company officials allegedly altered documents in the so-called White Rose files, which dealt with foreign payoffs. As the SEC dug into the Textron case over the past two years, executives also began losing their memories, and eleven employees took the Fifth Amendment and refused to answer questions. According to the SEC, documents relating to Textron's Defense Department entertainment fund were also destroyed.

Miller has steadfastly maintained that he did not know about these illegal payments, which breached clearly stated Textron company policy. And, although company officials close to Miller reportedly knew of the bribery, no "smoking gun" evidence has yet proved that the Treasury Secretary was aware of it.

One of the grandfathers of all conglomerates, Textron under Miller's management had a highly decentralized operation. Company headquarters in Providence gave broad decision-making powers to the Bell Helicopter division in Fort Worth. Corporate financial control was maintained primarily through monthly reports, and only major capital expenditures were carefully monitored.

In any case, foreign payments like the one to the firm of the Shah's brother-in-law were not illegal under American law at the time. They were first outlawed by the 1977 Foreign Corrupt Practices Act, which grew out of bribery scandals involving Lockheed and other firms. Last week the SEC was still meeting with leading corporate lawyers to discuss possible guidelines pertaining to enforcement rules. Many businessmen and some Government officials challenge the whole concept of exporting morality to parts of the world like the Middle East, where baksheesh, or greasing the palm, is an accepted fact of business life. Says the president of one Houston oil company: "Things might have gone on that are part of the art of doing business overseas."

Miller's "I did not know" defense rests uneasily with former business colleagues. Said an executive with a top Defense Department contractor: "I find it inconceivable that he didn't know about the special payments or whatever you want to call them. One disbursement for $2.9 million ought to get a little attention."

With the Senate and SEC investigations concluded but inconclusive, Miller's opponents now demand that the Justice Department dig further. Last week five Senators sent Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti two separate requests for a special prosecutor to investigate possible perjury. Said Senator William Proxmire: "It appears clear that Mr. Miller's testimony before this [Banking] Committee in 1978 was false and misleading." Civiletti has been slow in pushing the inquiry of his fellow Cabinet member and has not questioned several top Textron executives. Referring to the Abscam scandal, Senator Robert Dole quips: "Maybe the Justice Department is so busy with members of Congress that it doesn't have time for Cabinet officers." But without a special prosecutor the nagging question will remain: As chairman of Textron, was G. William Miller lax or lying? ■

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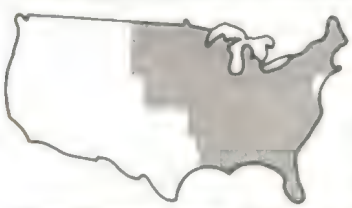

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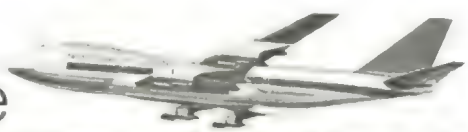

The roomier ride

NORTHWEST ORIENT

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Joseph Eliasoph, art dealer

Ruth Baskom, real estate agent

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VANTAGE
Menthol
FILTER 100's: 10 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine,
FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg "tar", 0.8 mg
nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Amoco Pays Up

More energy over charges

Like a sharpshooter knocking off jumping rabbits in a carnival midway, the Department of Energy during the past two years has charged U.S. oil companies one by one with overcharging customers for gasoline, heating oil and other products. Last week the DOE hit its biggest target to date. Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, one of the nation's largest gasoline retailers under the trade name of Amoco, signed a sweeping $690 million consent decree settling all alleged sale-price violations since 1973.

In the decision, Amoco agreed: to pay $71 million into a special federal escrow account that will probably be used to help the poor with their fuel bills; to reimburse $29 million to large customers like utilities and local governments; to forgo $180 million in future price increases that it could have legally imposed; and to reduce gasoline and propane prices by about 2¢ per gal. Finally, Amoco said it would invest an extra $410 million in domestic oil exploration, production and refining. DOE Special Counsel Paul Bloom explained that such a complicated rebate system was necessary because it was now impossible to locate the millions of customers who had been overcharged a few pennies for every gallon of gasoline or fuel oil purchased from Amoco during the past six years.

As in past energy-overcharge settlements, the Government did not publicly spell out the exact allegations against Amoco. It is believed that the DOE audit of the company's books revealed at least $100 million in excess selling prices. The remainder of the $690 million settlement resulted from both alleged overcharging and forbidden bookkeeping practices that enabled the company to run up costs faster than permitted.

The $690 million Amoco settlement is by far the biggest in the two-year-old Government investigation of oil-company pricing. Last December, Getty signed a $75 million consent decree; in the preceding 22 months, settlements with a number of companies, including Kerr-McGee, Cities Service, Gulf, Mobil and Phillips, totaled less than $690 million. Although the firms insist that the DOE's pricing regulations are contradictory, confusing and capricious, the profit-rich energy companies are unlikely to attract much sympathy. Amoco's earnings jumped 70% in the last quarter of 1979 and 40% over the full year. Said Energy Securities Analyst David Snow of A.G. Becker in New York: "The Government is hitting the oil companies over the head at a time when it knows they are well able to pay." ■

Hugh Hefner in front of "Mansion West"

Hutch Trouble

The playboy pays for perks

Nobody takes *Playboy* magazine's philosophy of the good life more seriously than Hugh Hefner, the man who started it all on his kitchen table back in 1953. He rules his empire and maintains his image as a protean ladies' man from a fieldstone fortress in Los Angeles. It is equipped with battlements in the backyard, outdoor Jacuzzi baths built into a stone grotto and sprawling lawns where flamingos and pet peacocks roam. Mansion West, as the place is called to distinguish it from Hefner's 54-room Chicago playpen now on the block for $2.5 million, cost the company $3 million last year to operate. Hefner, however, pays an annual rent of only $36,000.

Two years ago, the Securities and Exchange Commission began an informal probe into the compensation at Playboy. The company defended its chairman's perks, saying that the sex conglomerate's sales "are closely related to public recognition of its role in promoting a particular style of urban living." But last week the company's internal audit committee announced that Hefner and four other officers would have to repay $918,413 in improperly documented or unapproved expenses. Hefner's share: $796,413.

Although the SEC is unlikely to press its inquiry now that Hefner has agreed to repay the company, Playboy is still contesting an assessment of about $13.4 million in taxes due the Internal Revenue Service between 1970 and 1976, including $1.4 million that taxmen say Hefner owes for his use of the mansions. Nor is this an end to trouble in the hutch. Bunnies are no longer multiplying like rabbits, and for the first time Playboy Clubs are having to hustle for bustle. Evidently, being a bunny these days, like being a playboy, is not what it used to be. ■

Grain Waves

The superpowers vie over vodka

The U.S.S.R. and China are bristling again, but bordering countries can breathe easily—for the time being. The squabble is over vodka, specifically the 600,000 cases a year that are exported to the U.S. Although imports are a mere drop in the shaker compared with the total 30.7 million cases of vodka sold in the U.S. last year, the Soviets, with their Stolichnaya brand (on average, $10.50 for an 80-proof fifth), account for about 80% of import sales. Or did, until the invasion of Afghanistan set some flag-waving saloonkeepers to unclogging their drains with the stuff and many restaurants to tacking calligraphic RUSSIAN VODKA NOT SOLD HERE signs to their menus.

Other importers, like Sweden's Absolut and Poland's Wyborowa, were quick to seize the chance to increase their market share. But none was so aggressive as the Chinese brand Tsingtao, imported by Monarch Import Co. of New York from the Shandong province of northern China. Monarch took full-page ads in the New York *Times* offering Tsingtao as a punishing alternative to Stolichnaya and extolling the Chinese vodka's delicate taste, although some drinkers find it harsh. An 80-proof fifth sells for a few cents more than Stolichnaya. The copy of one scrappy ad last week had members of Moscow's Politburo smirking confidently that Americans would not "give up Russian vodka just as they haven't given up imported crude."

Emigrés fleeing the 1917 Russian Revolution brought vodka to China, and 3½ years ago, a brew called Great Wall made its appearance in the U.S. Tsingtao, from the same distillery, arrived last June. As to why ads are so pugnacious, Gad Romann, of Romann & Tannenholz, Tsingtao's agency, explained: "If you had an unheard-of brand, what would you do?"

For all the talk of boycotting Soviet spirits, however, there is not much evidence that sales are seriously falling. Some retailers claim that they are selling even more Stolichnaya by the case to hoarders who fear a permanent cutoff, or by the pint to those who dare not use it for entertaining. Ironically, one merchant noted that a brand left on the shelf in his store was Smirnoff, a domestic vodka distributed by Heublein. Says he: "People think it is Russian and they are refusing to buy it." ■

Solid Gold Tub

But there's a rub

Once upon a time, a savvy Japanese hotelman named Hideki Yokoi came up with the ultimate gimmick. He spent $300,000 for a phoenix-shaped, 22-karat, solid gold bathtub, and installed it 14 years ago in the basement of his Funabara resort hotel about 100 miles south of Tokyo. A bit larger than normal, the tub holds a cramped two, and Yokoi was able to charge honeymooners and Very Good Friends $2.80 apiece for a five-minute soak that he claimed would prolong their lives for at least one year. For $4, a photographer burnished the moments for posterity

Bathing in the bullion

First a search for hammers and gimlets.

With gold selling these days at roughly $667 per oz., the tub has become a bonanza. It is now worth $2.5 million, and the number of customers has jumped 50% since gold prices surged in mid-1979. About half the 100,000 guests who go to the hotel every year take the plunge. Today they are each soaked for $20, and the photographs—in color—are $8 a shot.

Hideki Yokoi's good fortune is not unalloyed: he worries about protecting his treasure. Now he requires that his male receptionist inspect the bathers before they undress to see if they are carrying hammers, gimlets or any other sharp instruments. Scrapes and scratches have appeared mysteriously on the tub, and Yokoi fears that his guests might be trying to recoup their costs under their fingernails. ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

A Guide to Taking Charge

People who wonder what it takes to be a leader would do well to listen to Charles Knight. His father, Lester B. Knight, 72, who is one of the premier management consultants, programmed young Chuck to be a leader ever since he grew up on Chicago's gilt-edged North Shore. At 15, Dad packed his only son off to a client's foundry in a small Canadian town for a summer's work to learn blue-collar life. After that there were summer jobs in Switzerland, Germany and Argentina, engineering and business studies, varsity football and tennis at Cornell. In his early 20s, Chuck Knight headed the European operations of Lester B. Knight & Associates, Inc.: in his early 30s, he took charge of the whole company. Then, startlingly, he revolted against Dad's grand plan.

At 36, Knight skipped away from his family's company to join a valued St. Louis client, Emerson Electric, of which he soon became chief executive. Father was furious. The breach has healed in the seven years since then, in part because Chuck Knight has shown how well he learned his lessons. Emerson is on most short lists of the best-managed companies in the country, and, with its sales having risen steadily to $2.6 billion last year, it is challenging bigger General Electric and Westinghouse in many product areas. Now 44, Knight is one of the youngest chairmen of a major U.S. corporation.

Knight of Emerson Electric

Knight believes that in business, in politics, indeed in any venture at all, leadership consists of ten basic ingredients. Some of them, he concedes, sound obvious, even corny, but together they make a compelling package. Here is Knight's list:

No. 1: You have to be able to set priorities. I always remember my father said, "Chuck, your health comes first; without that you have nothing. The family comes second. Your business comes third. You better recognize and organize those first two, so that you can take care of the third."

No. 2: You need an ability to grab hold of tough problems and not delegate them. It's not fair to let the guy below you take the brunt of making the hard decisions. The leader has to get deeply, personally involved in challenging issues and set the policy.

No. 3: Set and demand standards of excellence. Anybody who accepts mediocrity—in school, on the job, in life—is a guy who compromises. And when the leader compromises, the whole damn organization compromises.

No. 4: You need a sense of urgency. It is absolutely better to do something, recognizing that it may not be the right thing, than do nothing at all. If you don't have a sense of urgency, the bottom drops out of the organization.

No. 5: Pay attention to details. Getting the facts is the key to good decision making. Every mistake that I made —and we all make mistakes—came because I didn't take the time, I didn't drive hard enough, I wasn't smart enough to get the facts. You can't get them all, of course, but the last 5% or 10% of the facts may not really matter.

No. 6: You need commitment. You can always pick out the guy who has a commitment. He is the fellow who does not fly into town on the morning of the meeting but flies in the night before to make sure that he gets there.

No. 7: Don't waste your time worrying about things you cannot do anything about. Don't try to fix things that are impossible. Concentrate on the possibles.

No. 8: You need the ability to fail. I'm amazed at the number of organizations that set up an environment where they do not permit their people to be wrong. You cannot innovate unless you are willing to accept some mistakes.

No. 9: Be tough but fair with people. Being tough means setting standards and demanding performance. Probably the hardest part of leadership is to make sure that you will not compromise when choosing people. When we change a division president, 60% of the initial recommendations are compromises. But you cannot let emotions get in the way when making a choice.

No. 10: You can't accomplish anything unless you're having some fun. Of course, it is clear that I have fun on the job. I get to the office every morning between 6:30 and 7:30. The other executives know that, so they try to get in the office early too. I hope they are having fun.

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People

Old Eli Meryl Streep, flanked by Harvard students in drag, riding through Cambridge to accept her award

She was the prettiest girl in the crowd of flowing skirts, crimson lips and bizarre hairdos—and the only one. Actress **Meryl Streep** had come to Cambridge, Mass., to accept an acting award from the thespians at Harvard's Hasty Pudding Theatricals and to watch some skits from their all-male musical spoof, *A Little Knife Music*. Streep, an old Eli who studied acting at the Yale School of Drama, was presented with a gold pudding pot, and was also granted custody of one of the burly "chorus girls" who surrounded her—a send-up substitute for the kid she lost to **Dustin Hoffman** in *Kramer vs. Kramer*. "I hope my son never turns out like this," cracked Streep good-naturedly, stroking the Harvard lad's muscled shoulder.

■

He may not represent the U.S. at the United Nations any more, but that does not mean that **Andrew Young** has slowed his pace or lost his taste for speaking his mind. This time he was in the Western Sahara with leaders of the Polisario Front, an independence movement that seeks to wrest the land away from Morocco. Washington is sympathetic to **King Hassan II,** so Young's hosts were happy to lay on the hospitality in a desert town and argue their side. The give-and-take got Andy thinking about the folks back home. "In most Government positions you spend your time dealing with cautious, insecure bureaucrats," he said. "I tell you, I don't know whether I'd ever like to go back on a State Department payroll."

■

The Army coat that General **George Custer** wore on his Western campaigns is among the items of sartorial memorabilia stashed away in the "nation's attic," along with the coat Admiral **Robert Peary** took to the North Pole and the top hat **Abraham Lincoln** wore to Ford's Theater on the night he was assassinated. Now the Smithsonian Institution has chosen to enshrine the brown leather jacket that became **Arthur Fonzarelli's** trademark through seven hit seasons of TV's *Happy Days* comedy series. Actor **Henry Winkler,** 34, who went from unknowndom to stardom as Fonzi, not only made the presentation himself, but donned a tweed suit for the occasion. "There is a lot of 167 episodes in this jacket," said he fondly, reminiscing over the stains that were made on it by hard work, makeup and even a piece of cake that was mashed into it on cue. "It changed my life."

■

Who else would make the music at Mardi Gras but New Orleans' favorite horn man, **Al Hirt,** dressed in a flashy festival costume as a French aristocrat? Bourbon Street and the French Quarter may not see as much of the pudgy entertainer as they have up to now. He is putting together a 17-piece orchestra—Al Hirt's Big Band from Dixieland—and taking it on the road. "There's a resurgence in bands," he explains. "The age of the guitars is gone. After the Beatles, there were a few good groups, but most of them were turkeys." But what about his own style? "I never was a Dixieland player. I love it, but I play more of a swing style, a fast four-beat swing, and four-beat swing is what this band is going to be." Says Hirt: "I'm 57 years old, I've been playing for 51 and this is the sound I started with."

Al Hirt decked out for his Mardi Gras gig before going on the road

Representing only himself on this trip, former U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young meets with Polisario leaders

Angel of the Arts

MISIA: THE LIFE OF MISIA SERT
by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale; Knopf; 337 pages; $16.95

What a life Misia Sert lived! Fauré gave her piano lessons. Ravel dedicated *La Valse* to her. Stravinsky presented her with the score of *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Diaghilev made her his ally; she was the only woman with whom he could feel intimate. Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Vuillard, Renoir, Vallotton painted her, sometimes obsessively. Cocteau modeled the heroine of his novel *Thomas l'Imposteur* on her. In the masterly hands of Proust she became two people, Princess Yourbeletieff, the young sponsor of the Ballets Russes: "One might have supposed that this marvelous creature had been imported in their innumerable baggage, and as their most priceless treasure, by the Russian dancers." Proust also used her as one of the inspirations for Mme. Verdurin, the far less sympathetic social climber. Then the magical synthesizer introduced his Misias to each other: "Mme. Verdurin's strength lay in her genuine love of art, the trouble that she used to take for her faithful, the marvelous dinners that she gave for them alone ... a sort of official representative in Paris of all foreign artists, was not long in making her appearance, by the side of the exquisite Princess Yourbeletieff, an aged Fairy Godmother, grim but all powerful to the Russian dancers."

On the evidence of this graceful, knowing, unpretentious new biography, it is hard to think of Misia as grim, but as usual Proust captured the essential truth. For 40-odd years she was the godmother of European artists. She came to maturity in the *Belle Epoque*, "a beautiful time for those who were privileged," and she brought zest, taste, a tart tongue and plenty of money to a role she never tired of. If she was a climber, the mountain was Parnassus.

The Thursday afternoons spent with Fauré were a highlight in a very lonely childhood. Misia's father, Cyprien Godebski, came from an ancient Polish family. He traveled around Europe sculpting public monuments and seducing women: at the time Misia's mother was pregnant with her in Belgium, her mother's own aunt in Russia was also pregnant by Godebski. Having trekked to St. Petersburg alone to confirm this monstrous news, Mme. Godebska died in childbirth. Misia grew up mostly in Parisian convents.

Fauré gave her a precious gift, a deep understanding of music. Her technique was fiery, and the old composer was certain she would have a concert career. He was heartbroken when, at 20, she decided to marry Thadée Natanson, editor of *La Revue Blanche*. Like his bride, he lived

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

***Mme. Natanson au Théâtre*, by Lautrec**

Renoir's vision of a favorite model

for the enjoyment of art. Though the marriage was not permanent (nor were later ones to the fabulously rich speculator Alfred Edwards and the fashionable painter José-Maria Sert), the pattern of Misia's life was established in her 20s. She was surrounded by artists, for whom she was companion, model and muse. "Misia never claimed to be a sexual athlete; that was for the ladies of the demimonde," write Gold and Fizdale. "Still, she took it for granted that not only was her husband in love with her, but so, more or less, were all his friends. It was the thing, to be in love with Misia ... She had tremendous *allure* in the French meaning of the word—a sense of how to carry herself with style ... she listened attentively and responded with enthusiasm, candor and an independence of judgment startling in one so young. Her speech was salted with irony and peppered with four-

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Misia Sert

"She was a rough-and-ready princess."

Excerpt

"The Edwardses' first trip on the *Aimée* was to Trouville in the spring of 1905 ... When they arrived, Misia invited Enrico Caruso on board. He had often joined her for a glass of champagne in the mirrored room behind her box at the Paris Opéra. Day after day, with Misia at the piano, Caruso filled the salon of the *Aimée* with shatteringly beautiful sounds. Feeling that she was about to drown in the sentimental sea of *Marechiare* and *Santa Lucia*, Misia told the famous tenor that she could not bear to hear one more Neapolitan song. Stupefied, Caruso puffed himself up as only tenors can and spluttered, 'No, that's really too much. It's the first time anyone's ever asked me to stop. Me, the great Caruso! Kings have begged me on their knees to open my mouth, and you, you tell me to shut it!' Then with a defiant look, Caruso raised his glorious voice in *O Sole Mio*."

"Tiny" Rader, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?

1956. I. Andrew "Tiny" Rader, newly appointed sales manager for Allen-Bradley Canada, Ltd., with his wife Isobel

"It was in 1956 when my wife and I moved to Ontario, Canada," says "Tiny" Rader, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Allen-Bradley Company. "I had just been named sales manager there. I figured I'd better keep up with day-to-day happenings in the business world.

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letter words, which on her lips somehow escaped vulgarity. She was a rough-and-ready princess."

In Parisian society, each hostess had a set reception day; Misia held open house every day in the week. She threw everything away except jewels. Drawings made by Lautrec at the dinner table were cleared away with the rest of the leavings. Her motto was, "I don't respect art; I love it." Gold and Fizdale print a lengthy honor role of sources for *Misia*, but their task would have been easier and clearer if she had not discarded thousands of letters. Or it may be that being forced at times to speculate and use the memoirs of others has enhanced their book. Misia is not well known to Americans. To the degree that she is recognized in the U.S., it is through her friendships with Diaghilev, whose ballets she supported lavishly, and later with Chanel, whom she also supported in the designer's early years. The authors' four-handed biography shows the virtues of the professional duo pianists' timing and technique, but they never take their subject with full scholarly weight. Instead, they have produced an alluring (any sense of the word will do) portrait of how creative people live, how the social world of the arts functions. Creating Vuillard-like interiors that Vuillard could not wait to paint, making a cult of Bernhardt, sailing on a pilgrimage to Norway to meet Ibsen—through myriad details a creative world comes alive.

It would be to no effect if Misia were just a lucky hanger-on. But as Diaghilev recognized, her taste was accurate. Her occasional criticism stung and enraged Stravinsky, who often played his music first for her. For decades she helped support the composer generously and without question. With the men she loved, she was not so wise. She had a pathetic way of attracting younger women into her circle who could be counted on to steal her man. She was as slow to see this as she was quick to spot the first signs of young genius. Roussy Mdivani, the lovely girl who made off with Sert, whom Misia adored, actually managed to crawl into their bedroom the last time Sert made love to his wife without Misia's realizing it at the time.

She died in 1950 at 78. Her last years were lonely and idle; she was dependent on drugs. Her closest friend remained Chanel, who desperately wanted to take over her crown, her legend. There was nothing to inherit. As Cocteau said of Misia: "Angels fly because they take themselves lightly." — ***Martha Duffy***

■ ■ ■

Robert Fizdale and Arthur Gold

"Now we are like horses at the gate."

FIZDALE: We are pianists but we are both also frustrated authors.

GOLD: Turgenev is as moving to me as Chopin. I wrote a play once, well, two acts of one.

FIZDALE: I've written hundreds of playlets, especially on trains. I get nervous waiting for the train to pull into Grand Central. The plays were two pages long, a sort of theater of the absurd. Anyway, you live only once, and we wanted to write as well as play the piano.

GOLD: Do you want to know the truth? We were on tour, driving through Wyoming, skidding on very icy roads. I said, "I think we ought to get into something else."

FIZDALE: We wanted to write something that would take us to Paris for a long time. The French have a marvelous feeling about the arts, a real interest, but not heavy like the Germans. They enjoy art and then go off and have a great meal.

GOLD: We spent the entire winter of 1974 in Paris doing interviews. No one refused us, but some people wanted to talk about Chanel instead. We returned three times for shorter periods.

FIZDALE: We couldn't write together. After four words we began arguing. I begged Arthur to stop. At a concert people applaud right away. I got discouraged. I thought we would run out of money.

GOLD: I never worry about money. Anyway we got started.

FIZDALE: We practically wrote a book on Mallarmé! It's in the drawer.

GOLD: We wrote 50 pages on *Revue Blanche* before we realized that it wasn't our subject. The problem was to marry cultural history and biography. It is difficult to steer a clear course between interpretation and fact. And it should not be 900 pages long.

FIZDALE: Now we have withdrawal symptoms.

GOLD: You certainly learn a lot about yourself. All biography is partly autobiography. You learn tolerance and acceptance of values that are not your own.

FIZDALE: Misia's career was getting married.

GOLD: Misia's career was making mischief. Then a woman could not show that she ruled the roost. Today Misia would be a committee of women.

FIZDALE: Some of her life is not well doc-

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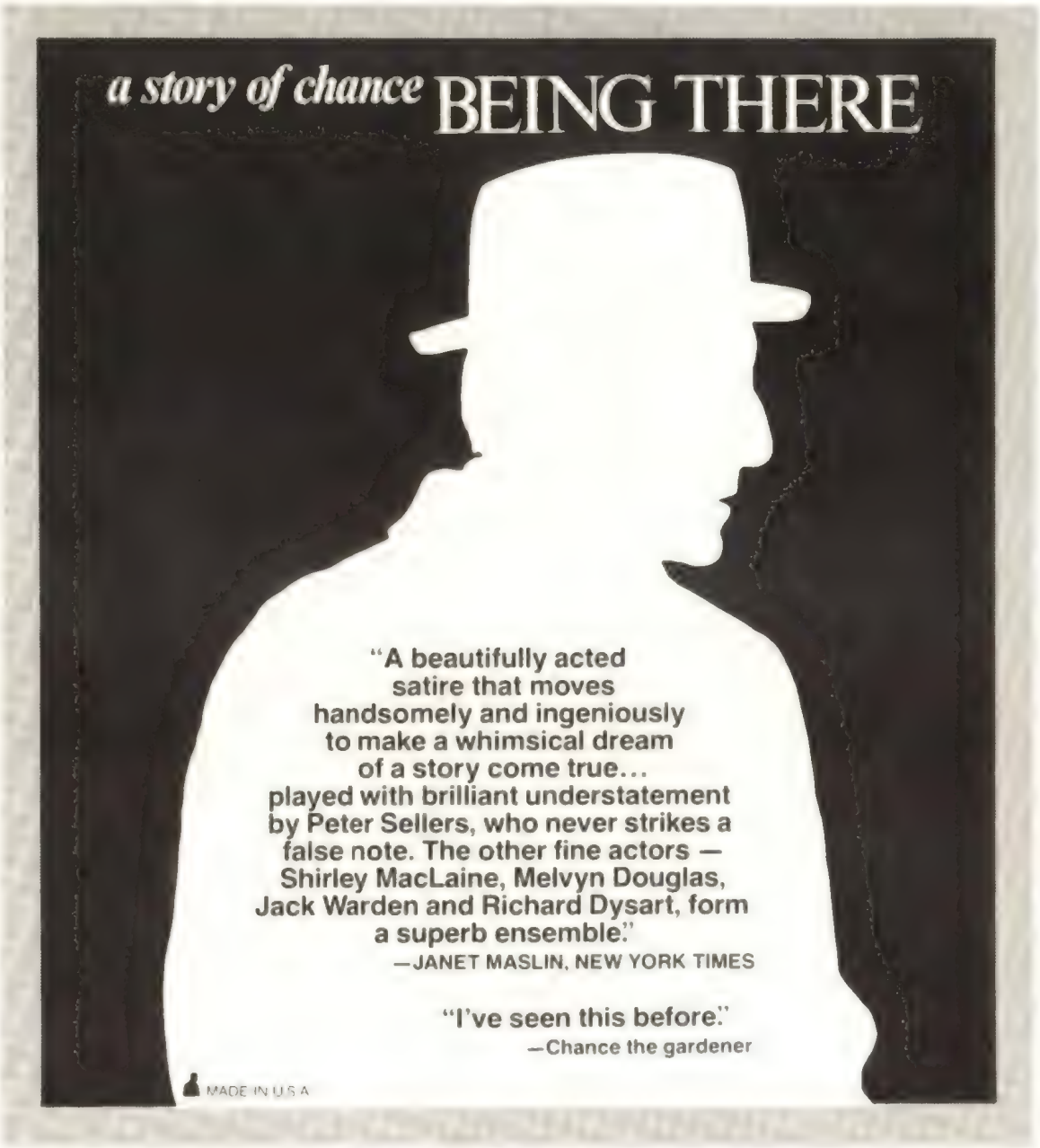

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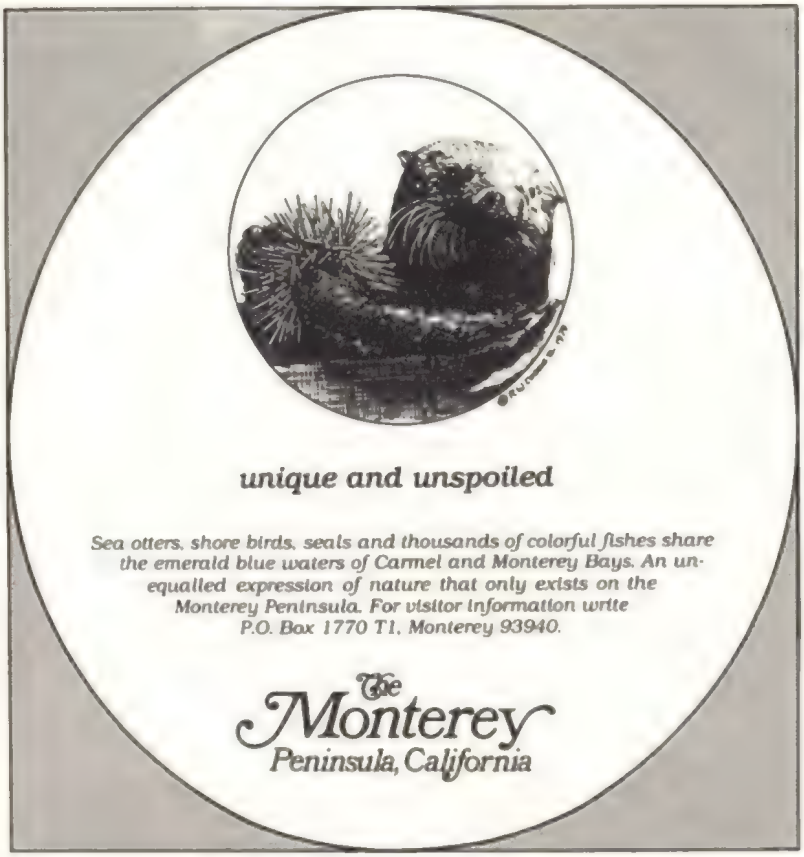

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Books

umented. However we knew, or came to know, all the people around her. It was like a puzzle, or detective work.
GOLD: Now we are like horses at the gate. We have been watching Balanchine's ballets since they were performed at the Central High School of Needle Trades. His world is a little island of paradise. We are starting on a book about his life before he came to the United States in 1934. It's exciting, but of course, one book is no help at all with the next one.
FIZDALE: Don't say that. ■

Marital Blahs

LIFE BEFORE MAN
by Margaret Atwood
Simon & Schuster; 317 pages; $11.95

Can someone shout "Marriage breakup!" in a crowded theater and still be protected by the First Amendment? So exhaustively has the subject of matrimonial misery been trotted out in the arts, on TV, at cocktail parties or during chance encounters on street corners that some sort of censorship begins to seem the lesser of two evils: persons found guilty of discussing their relationships within earshot of innocent bystanders will be remanded to a private cell and forced to read *Anna Karenina*. At the very least, novels adding still more sad husbands and unhappy wives to the present surplus should be viewed with suspicion; their authors are either foolish or audacious.

Canadian Novelist Margaret Atwood, as it happens, takes risks and wins. In *Life Before Man* she courts banality, presenting three commonplace characters and arranging them in the usual triangle. Out of this hackneyed shape, she produc-

Margaret Atwood
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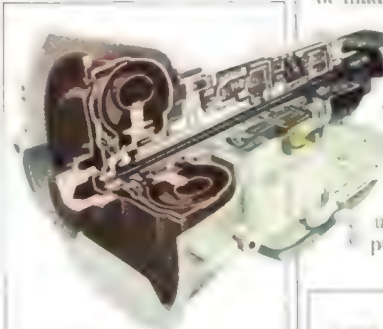

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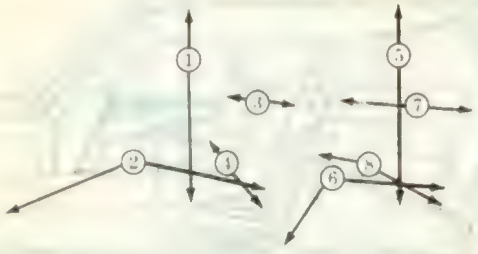

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es some uncommonly sharp lines and acute angles. The pain her self-regarding people feel is real and strikes them as unique, but the acts they perform are comically mannered burlesque.

Nate and Elizabeth Schoenhof's marriage of ten years is so open that it has become vacant. She is dominant and ever more restless with the man she married "easily, like trying on a shoe." He is well-meaning to several faults, loves his two young daughters and thinks of himself as "a lump of putty, helplessly molded by the relentless demands and flinty disapprovals of the women he can't help being involved with." Newlyweds of the mid-'60s, they are stranded a decade later on shoals of outworn modishness. They condone each other's affairs and discuss them relentlessly, although Elizabeth takes care "never to divulge her lovers until she was ready to give them up." The problem is that her most recently discarded conquest has failed to play by the Schoenhof rules. He has committed a messy suicide.

This act drives Nate into the arms of Lesje, a timid paleontologist at Toronto's natural history museum. She spends much of her time cultivating the long view of life: "On her office wall the tree of evolution branches like coral towards the ceiling: Fishes, Amphibians, Therapsids, Thecodonts, Archosaurs, Pterosaurs, Birds, Mammals and Man, a mere dot." Nevertheless, she finds herself in love with the dot named Nate and thus at war with Elizabeth over who will get to keep him. Lesje does not have an easy time with either one of them: "Sometimes she thinks Nate is an obscure practical joke being played on her by Elizabeth, for an unfathomable reason of her own."

Such moments redeem a routine tale. Atwood does not mock her characters' sufferings, but neither does she exalt them. She also gives Elizabeth, Nate and Lesje small insights into the absurdity of their behavior. To "create some balance in the universe," Elizabeth decides to seduce Lesje's former boyfriend. She succeeds, as usual, but wonders why she bothered: "It was like sleeping with a large and fairly active slab of Philadelphia cream cheese." It is hard not to like Elizabeth and her antagonists, even though most of what they do and think qualifies them for a good throttling. — ***Paul Gray***

Barbed Bait

WHO'S ON FIRST
by William F. Buckley Jr.
Doubleday; 275 pages; $9.95

When it comes to tweaking a nose —liberal, moderate Republican, even a lofty, aquiline proboscis like his own—no one is more skilled. Editor of *National Review*, host of *Firing Line*, syndicated columnist and author of half a dozen political treatises and collections of essays, William F. Buckley Jr. has long been one of the most delightful tweakers in America. But when it comes to writing of international intrigue, the author still has a lot to learn.

William F. Buckley

No one's proboscis is safe.

Buckley's latest adventure, *Who's on First*, is used to skewer such unarmed opponents as Dwight Eisenhower, the State Department, the Congress and the U.N. But it also weaves a story only slightly less convoluted than its prose style. The year is 1956, when the cold war was gelid. The U.S. and the Soviets are racing to get the first satellite into orbit. While CIA Chief Allen Dulles frets and a viciously urbane Dean Acheson argues that a Soviet space triumph may be necessary to shake American complacency, the agency plans to kidnap a top Soviet scientist. Enter Buckley's later ego, ex-Yalie Blackford Oakes, fresh from triumphs in two earlier works (*Saving the Queen, Stained Glass*) and eager for yet another chance to save the world.

Dodging a Hungarian double agent and a two-dimensional Soviet intelligence chief, pausing briefly to satisfy a lascivious lady, Oakes not only carries off the kidnaping, but wins the friendship of both the scientist and his wife. What he fails to do is prevent the Soviet space spectacular. He does, however, have a hell of a time trying.

And so does Buckley, who never offers bait without a barb. Oakes expresses "dismay over the mind-boggling incapacity of Frenchmen to govern themselves." Acheson recalls John Stuart Mill's observation that while Conservatives are not generally stupid, "stupid people are generally Conservative." The Soviet intelligence chief pays the author a compliment by quoting from a *National Review* article on an assassination attempt that "had all the earmarks of a CIA operation. Everybody in the room was killed except Sukarno."

The gibes are better than the book, but no matter. Buckley, in life and art, always prefers to stay apart from the crowd. Customarily, writers of thrillers take themselves seriously and their public lightly. In *Who's on First* the fables are turned. The author's vocabulary and wit show a high regard for his audience. It is William F. Buckley whom he takes humorously. And so, in the end, must the reader. — ***Peter Stoler***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Married Man, *Piers Paul Read* • Old Love, *Isaac Bashevis Singer* • On the Edge of the Cliff, *V.S. Pritchett* • Shikasta, *Doris Lessing* • Smiley's People, *John le Carré* • The Beginning Place, *Ursula K. Le Guin* • Yellowfish, *John Keeble*

NONFICTION: And No Birds Sang, *Farley Mowat* • Fin-de-Siècle Vienna, *Carl E. Schorske* • My Many Years, *Arthur Rubinstein* • Self Portrait with Friends: The Selected Diaries of Cecil Beaton, *edited by Richard Buckle* • Show People, *Kenneth Tynan* • The Right Stuff, *Tom Wolfe* • White House Years, *Henry Kissinger*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Smiley's People, *Le Carré (1 last week)*
2. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (2)*
3. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (3)*
4. Memories of Another Day, *Robbins (4)*
5. Triple, *Follett (6)*
6. Jailbird, *Vonnegut (5)*
7. Portraits, *Freeman (10)*
8. Top of the Hill, *Shaw*
9. The Third World War, *Hackett, et al.*
10. Sophie's Choice, *Styron*

NONFICTION

1. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong (1)*
2. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (2)*
3. White House Years, *Kissinger (3)*
4. Donahue, *Donahue & Co.*
5. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman*
6. Serpentine, *Thompson (7)*
7. The Right Stuff, *Wolfe (5)*
8. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady (6)*
9. On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, *Wright (4)*
10. Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient, *Cousins (9)*

Numbers Game

Two shadowy pols are exposed

While all three Democratic presidential candidates were scrambling to declare victory in the Maine caucuses last week, editorials in the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* exposed the latest machinations of two seasoned politicians of whom little is seen but much is heard. The *Post's* man was the fourth candidate in the Maine contest, and his name is Expected. Observed the *Post*: "In Maine he finished better than the President (who 'didn't do as well as Expected') but somewhat worse than Senator Kennedy (who 'did better than Expected')." As the *Times* editorialized, the contest saw the presence of "that ghostly political personage, Better Than Expected," or B.T.E. In a race that ended with Carter winning 43.6% of the vote, Kennedy 40.2% and Brown 13.8%, the *Times* wondered: How can admirers explain their candidate's finish? For Carter fans, "To win by any margin means he did Better Than Expected." And for Kennedy adherents, "To trail by only a few points" means he did Better Than Expected. As for Brown's supporters, with his small tally, "He may not have qualified for a single delegate ... but he did three times Better Than Expected."

Who set these expectations for the Maine contest? As usual, the deed was done by members of the press, but only after they spoke with a small but powerful group that might as well be called the Knowledgeable Observers, or K.O.s. After Carter beat Kennedy in Iowa by 27 points, the K.O.s immediately pronounced the Massachusetts Senator as hurt badly. The Bangor, Me., *News* went one step further and published a poll of the state's Democrats two days before the caucuses showing Carter leading Kennedy 52% to 33%. Expectations plummeted. By caucus day it was predicted that Kennedy would be routed by Carter. When he lost by "only" 3.4 points, it was reported as a sort of victory.

The expectations game as played by the press is hardly new: in 1968, longshot Eugene McCarthy "beat" President Lyndon Johnson by rolling up 42% of the New Hampshire primary vote to Johnson's mere 49.5%. Four years later, George McGovern "beat" the heavy favorite, Edmund Muskie, in the same state by polling a decisive 37% to Muskie's meager 46%. " 'Unexpected' is one of the words reporters use to cover their mistakes," says Political Columnist Richard Reeves. "Did the voters do something *they* didn't expect to do on Election Day? Of course not." Adds NBC's David Brinkley: "In the end, a candidate either gets votes or doesn't. All the expecting in the world can't change that." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

The Well-Balanced Fight Card

Reporters sometimes think of themselves as fight promoters, setting one news source against another. In election year 1980 the press has become much more than that. Since no one else seems in charge—state and national chairmen of the two parties count for very little—the nation's news organizations have assumed the role of matchmaker for the campaign, much like an oldtime boxing impresario.

The press weighs and sets the odds (ready with instant polls, so a candidate can't poor-mouth his chances in advance). It reproves any candidate who isn't making his weight. It admonishes a candidate who steps out of line. It tries to see that every contest is evenly matched and proclaims the winner of each round. No fight promoter ever did more. This may not be the press's job, but by default the press has taken it on. This role may be more important than any press bias.

Actually, there's little talk so far about bias. Unlike the days when Nixon and Agnew breathed enmity upon the press, today's candidates are too busy trying to catch its eye. Watch John Connally attempting to prove what an amiable fellow he is by jovially first-naming Mike Wallace all through the *60 Minutes* program in which Wallace skillfully cuts him up. The first important dustup over press bias has come from Tom Shales, the Washington *Post's* usually acute television critic. He accused all three networks of having had "a field day playing Get Teddy." He also discovered an unnamed "veteran political observer" to explain it: "There's been so much garbage about how the press loves the Kennedys in recent years that the reporters feel they all have to establish their neutral credentials by knocking him around." Perhaps some of the boys on the bus have too much time for self-analysis.

David Broder

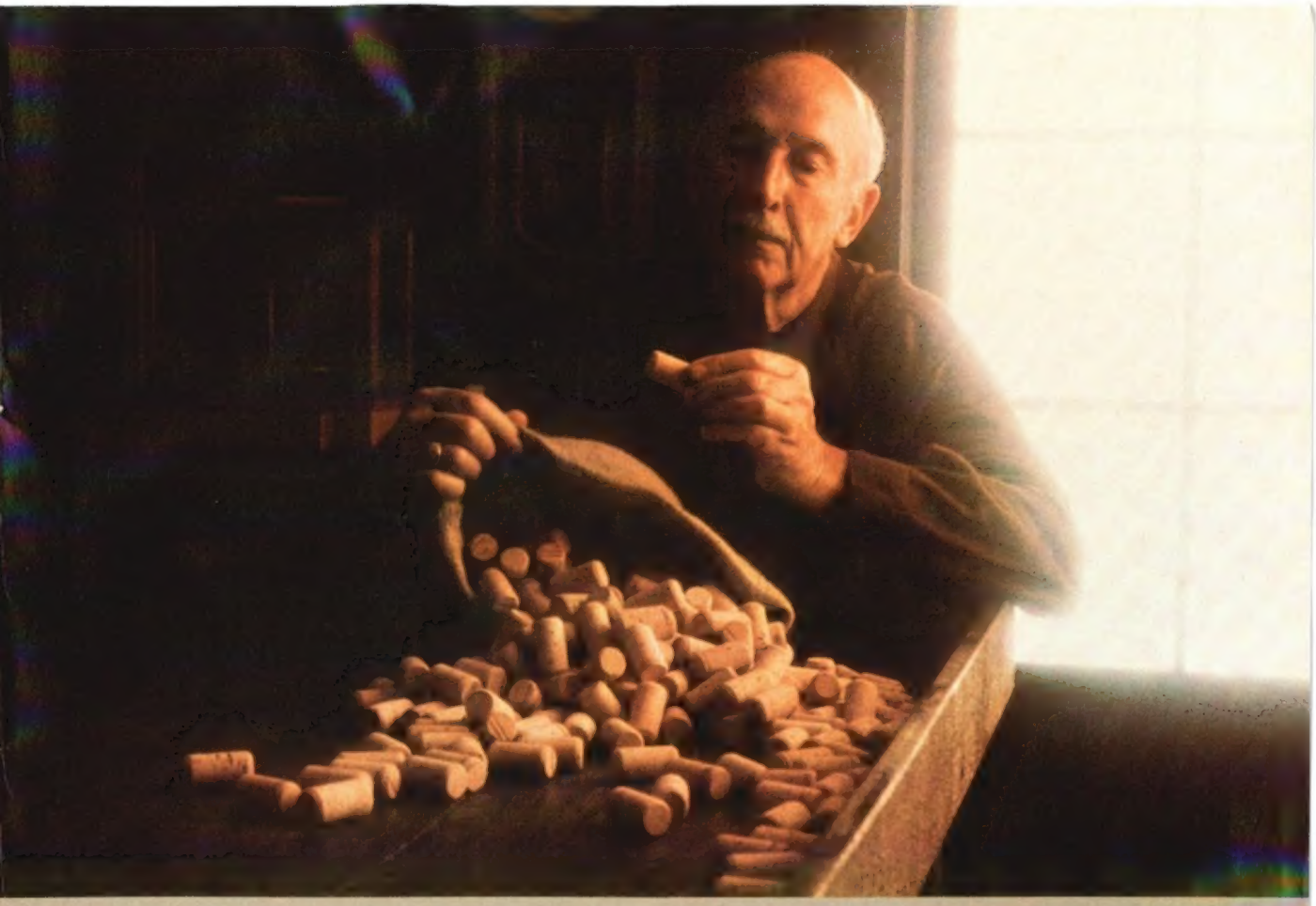
Bias certainly doesn't explain the hectoring tone in the press when a candidate doesn't perform up to his potential. It's more like a fight promoter's attempt to ensure a well-balanced card. Thus David S. Broder, contrasting Howard Baker's inept campaign in Maine with "the Howard Baker that Washington knows," concludes censoriously: "The man on the stump in this presidential campaign is a double who invites ridicule." James Reston reproves the voters themselves because John Anderson of Illinois, "a good man in a bad time," doesn't fare better: "Most of the American voters are now out to lunch, and won't be listening until later ... By that time the Andersons are usually eliminated and broke." William Safire admires Kennedy's speechifying more than Kennedy's programs and demands of his own side: "Why can't Republicans make decent speeches?"

The press has now discovered the biggest campaign imbalance of all, the power of the incumbency. There is Carter, gravely attending to affairs of state in the White House while candidates on distant hustings are often caught out by reporters for not being up-to-date on the latest news. Sometimes the candidates even use their ignorance as a defense. Ronald Reagan, for example, urges a bolder foreign policy line than Carter, but when pressed for details, lamely protests that he does "not have all the information a President has at his disposal."

In eras past, the press expected a President to campaign from the Rose Garden for as long as he could get away with it, and left it to rival candidates to smoke him out. In Maine, Kennedy effectively ridiculed Carter for hiding in the White House. The press, in its new role, has taken up Kennedy's argument.

Not that Carter ever escapes press criticism. He has permanent antagonists among such deep-think columnists as Joseph Kraft and George F. Will (who believes Carter "may be the most dangerous President since James Buchanan"). To them, whatever Carter does in foreign policy is apt to be wrong, or if right, too late, or in any case erratic.

The new reportorial criticism of Carter is less concerned about his policies. Columnist Broder recalls that the press got "unshirted hell—and deservedly so" after the 1972 campaign for letting Nixon get away without having to defend his policies in the rough-and-tumble of debate. Broder is not happy with the defense that "our work is to cover a campaign, not to stage it." As Andrew Glass, Washington bureau chief for Cox newspapers, puts it: "We must not let Carter 'Nixonize' us." The smoke-him-out brigade is gaining some influential press volunteers.



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